THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

MARCH, 1808.

MRS. DICKONS.

She lisp'd in numbers,
For the numbers came.

MRS. DICKONS, whose professional life we have now the pleasure of recording, is the only survivor and youngest but two of ten children, by a second marriage. At the early period of four years old this lady discovered those buds of genius, which have since produced such golden fruit. Her father [Mr. Poole] fully competent to the task, took pleasure in expanding the young idea, and such was her rapid improvement, that when only six years old, she was able to play any of Handel's overtures and read difficult music at sight, with a precision that astonished even the admirers of MASTER CROTCH. Such indeed was the brilliancy of Caroline's talents, that at that early period, she was enabled to furnish an entertainment vocal and instrumental at the *Pantheon*, which was warmly patronised by the fashionable circles. MRS. BANNISTER was also indebted at her benefit to the little CAROLINE for striking imitations of the reigning favourites.

Mr. Poole was not inattentive to his daughter's obtaining rhetorical, as well as vocal excellence. He *excelled* in the art of reading with "emphasis and good discretion," even Hudibras was to him

> "Not more difficile
> "Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

and now, at not a very early period of life, his recitation from that witty, but quaint author, may be deemed equal to any thing of that description, since Henderson delighted the town with the laughable adventures of *Johnny Gilpin*. A little French and Italian, and a natural taste for drawing and poetry, rendered Caroline a companion by no means unentertaining, she was of course the delight and solace of her parents, to whom it seemed to be her pride to acknowledge her obligations.

When Miss Poole had attained her tenth year, Charles Incledon, delighted with her performances, introduced her to Rauzzini, whose musical excellence has been so long the admiration of *Bath*. With this elegant master she remained till he produced his beautiful opera of *La Vestal*, in which those transcendant singers Mara and Rubinelli enraptured a crowded audience. Rauzzini composed an *air* adapted to the powers of his little *protegée*, in which, though not yet twelve years old, she acquitted herself to the entire satisfaction of this admirable composer. At his recommendation the little warbler obtained an engagement at *Vauxhall*, where she sang successfully three seasons, and in the intermediate periods at the *Manchester* meeting with Mrs. Billington; at the concerts in *Edinburgh* and *Bath;* but an unlucky misunderstanding between Messrs. Poole and Rauzzini respecting her engagement at *Bath* produced a serious discord not very propitious to the interests of our heroine. We have often heard her lament it most feelingly, expatiating on her numerous obligations to that respectable veteran.

On the conclusion of the engagement at *Vauxhall* Miss Poole was engaged by the celebrated Joah Bates for the *Ancient Concerts*; and to that able master she was indebted for her *pathetic* and *feeling* stile of giving Handel's music. Their Majesties graciously condescended to express their unqualified approbation of her rising talents. It was at this period she evinced the dawning of a taste for *composition*; when Dr. Arnold, with a liberality for which he was proverbial, volunteered

his gratuitous instructions. To this great master succeeded HAYDN, whose *Creation* has since immortalised his fame. With such capabilities, and under such instructions, it would indeed have been surprising had not the pupil's improvement been rapid.

In the year 1793 our heroine, and the transition was not unnatural, exchanged the orchestra for the stage. She made her debut at Covent Garden Theatre in *Ophelia*, a part well adapted for the display of her vocal as well as rhetorical powers to advantage. Mr. HARRIS on this occasion got up *Hamlet* with new scenes and dresses, with the addition of a *dirge* by SHIELD, who at that time composed for the theatre, and whose late return to it has been so warmly welcomed ; and in order to afford Miss POOLE a more ample scope for vocal exertion, PURCELL's *Mad Bess*, in which she had eminently distinguished herself at various concerts, was thrown into the scale of *Ophelia's* attractions. The critics of that day flounced a little at *Mad Bess* as being too scientific and dashing for the simple ditties they had been accustomed to ; and objected to the *dirge*, even with all its sublimity of composition, as but ill according with "the *maimed* rites" adverted to in the text : but the general report was, that since the loss of Mrs. BADDELEY, *Ophelia* had never created greater interest. After performing a variety of first rate characters in the vocal line, Miss POOLE, in the summer of 1795, accompanied by her parents, visited *Dublin*, under an engagement to perform with INCLEDON for six weeks, but such was her success on the *Irish* stage, that her visit was prolonged till 1797, when she reluctantly bade adieu to the hospitable inhabitants of *Hibernia*, in order to sing as second to Madame MARA, and which memorable season, Signora GALLI was induced at the advanced age of 73, to exhibit herself as a melancholy *memento* of her former greatness in the air originally composed for her by *Handel*, of "He was despised." She died very soon after in a state of extreme indigence.

Miss POOLE having given up all thoughts of the stage, exercised her genius in *composition*, and the result was the publication of some *canzonets* which were generally admired for the delicacy of the harmony, and the appropriation of the accompaniments. The pupil at length became a mistress of scholars.

After performing once more for the benefit of her friend INCLEDON, Miss POOLE accepted a lucrative engagement at the *Liverpool* and *Manchester* concerts.

(To be continued.)

PROFESSIONAL CHARACTERS.

RAMAZZINI, a physician of Padua, wrote a book *de morbis artificum*; to shew the peculiar distempers of tradesmen, arising from each respective trade. Might not a philosophic observer construct a work upon a similar plan, to mark the specific habitudes and manners of each respective order and profession?

In the course of this disquisition, he would be led to observe, for instance, that insincerity in a courtier must be the ruling feature of his character: and why? because, without allowing any thing to private humour, principle, or affection, the men of this order accommodate themselves solely to times and persons. He might ascribe lying to an ambassador; because, being "sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country," as Sir Henry Wotton defined his office, he preserves a habit of lying, even when the officiality or duty of so doing may not require it. A want of moral sense and sympathising humanity would be found in men of the law; because, paying no regard to the distinctions of right and wrong, but only intent upon serving their clients, they are led to treat with indifference, and sometimes, even to sport with, the most pitiable objects. The love of gain in all who traffic; because such have been habituated to consider money as the chief good, and to value every man according to what he is worth. And, lastly, an open systematical kind of knavery in the *honest* farmer; who, without any regard to value in the commodity, professes to buy as cheap, and sell as dear, as he can; and who, if you remonstrate against his offering a horse or a cow for twice its worth, asks you, with a sneer, "whether he must not do the best he can for his family?" Would not, I say, all this be perceived, where professional spirit is not checked and counteracted by natural temperament? And thus through life, and every department of it: where the characters of men would be found in a compound ratio of temperament and profession; and be natural or artificial, according to the proportion in which these are combined.

ESSAY ON HANDEL'S MUSIC.

BY THE LATE MR. JACKSON, OF EXETER.

HANDEL's Music, particularly his Oratorios, being still annually and occasionally performed in London and elsewhere, it may not be incurious to enquire from what causes this constant repetition arises, and why the works of this master have had a fate so very different from that of contemporary composers, the greatest part of which seem consigned to oblivion *.

This enquiry will naturally lead to the speaking of general principles, so far as they are applicable to the present subject; to the state of instrumental and vocal music; and to a comparison between Handel and other composers of note who flourished at this period. Nothing more being intended than a few miscellaneous observations set down just as they occur, method will not be attempted, and of course must be excused.

As the compositions which are the subject of the following remarks were produced in England, and set to English words, the mention of foreign musicians and their works is excluded, as not appertaining to the subject, unless so connected with it as to render the mention indispensable.

Music, in its common application, is considered merely as an entertainment: when bad, it disgusts; when good, it creates sensations unknown from other sources, and if it reach the sublime, our feelings are more powerfully excited than from the utmost perfection that poetry alone, or painting, has yet attained.

With the latter, music cannot be connected; but when joined, or, as Milton phrases it, wedded with poetry †, it reaches the highest pitch of excellence, and soars a

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* Some songs of Greene, Arne, Howard, Carey, &c. some considerable works of the two first mentioned, together with Boyce's Solomon and Church Music, although not often produced in public, have ever been highly esteemed by the best judges, and are exceptions to the above remark.

† There is no necessity for poetical measure; prose is just as proper for sublime effects, as we find from passages in the Psalms and Prophets; but it must be prose produced by a poetical imagination on a grand subject.

height which, disjoined from its powerful ally, was impossible to be obtained.

Before Handel, I cannot recollect any instance of this perfection. Our best vocal music was in the church, and our best composers were Purcel, Wise, Weldon, and a little later, Croft, whose merit, as far as it reached, will be ever felt and acknowledged.

Instrumental music was perhaps universally barbarous until the time of Corelli, whose compositions seemed to open a new world. Even in these our times, when instrumental music is so much improved, Corelli is still a favourite, and not only with old-fashioned people. The reason why he is so would carry me too far from my subject. What Corelli did for bow-instruments, Handel did for the harpsichord. We acknowledge the improvements of the modern symphonists, but we still relish a concerto of Corelli; and no great performer on the harpsichord but sits down with pleasure to the *Suites des Pieces pour le Clavecin.*

The music for the stage was thoroughly wretched, and continued so until the little musical entertainments of Carey, and the Beggar's Opera, which made their appearance long after the time of Handel's first residence in England. Such was the state of our music at the beginning of this century, and long after.

What are called Handel's Hautbois Concertos, have so much subject, real air, and solid composition, that they always are heard with the greatest pleasure, and are undoubtedly the best things of their class. I believe they were the first attempt to unite wind-instruments with violins, which union was long reprobated in Italy.

The operas of Handel are confessedly superior to all preceding and contemporary ones. His oratorios, though called by a well known name, may be justly esteemed original, both in design and execution. These last being the pieces which are so frequently performed, I will with the utmost impartiality consider their merits and defects, and how far they deserve their continued approbation.

Any works of a fashionable composer, especially if exhibited by performers we are in the habit of applauding, will take a present hold on our attention, to the exclusion of works of superior merit not possessing the same advantages; but when they have had their day, they set to rise no more. On the contrary, those compositions which depend on their own intrinsic merit, may make

their way slowly, or perhaps, by being cut off from a possibility of taking a first step, may never get forward at all; yet, if once they are presented to the public, and their effect felt and understood, they are always heard with new pleasure, and claim an equal immortality with poetry and painting. Let us consider what are the essentials of good music, and how far Handel's compositions possess them.

The first essential (and without which all others are of no consequence) is what in popular music is called tune; in more refined, is denominated air; and in the superior class of composition, subject. Music having this property alone, is entitled to a long existence, and possesses it. The next essential is harmony, the strongest ally by which air can be assisted, but which receives from air more consequence than it communicates. To these must be added expression, giving a grace to the former, and facility, which has the effect of immediate emanation, and as the term imports, seems to accomplish with ease what from its apparent difficulty should be rather sought for than found.

If words are to be connected with music, they ought like that to be light and airy for tune, passionate for air, and both passionate and sublime for subject; but in every case (except particular applications) must appeal to the heart. The accent and emphasis must be expressed, and whatever effect the reading of the words is to produce, must be increased by the music.

There are but few examples of Handel's possessing tune in the popular sense. He seldom is without air in its more refined application, and most commonly has an exuberance of subject for greater purposes. His harmony is in general well-chosen and full; his expressions sometimes faulty, but frequently just; and his facility great from so much practice, sinking now and then to carelessness.

In consequence of this general character, we find no songs of his in the style of Carey's tunes and the real English ballad. Most of the oratorio and opera songs have air in them, some very fine. His chorusses are as yet unrivalled, and those form the broad base on which his fame is built.

They possess subject and contrivance, frequently expression, and most commonly facility, altogether produc-

ing a superior effect to any other chorusses yet known to the public. Their great number and variety shew his invention, that strong criterion of genius. It will be found to hold true as a general remark, that where the words are most sublime, the composition has most subject and expression; and this ought to be considered by those who hold words of no consequence: if they have no other than exalting the fancy of the composer, (which effect they certainly produce) we should for the sake of the music, independently considered, make choice of works of imagination.

Besides the advantages of superior genius and knowledge, Handel possessed another, without which his genius and knowledge might have remained for ever unknown. He had an opportunity of presenting his works to the public performed by the best band of the times, and of repeating his pieces until they were understood, and their superior merit felt. By these means they were impressed upon the mind, and at last became so congenial to our feelings, as almost to exclude the possibility of other music being performed.

Handel's music, then, having the great essentials of genius, skill, and facility, and being at first performed often enough to have its intention comprehended, and its merit felt and acknowledged, it necessarily keeps possession of the public favour, and its annual performance is expected with pleasure, and always considered as an entertainment of a superior kind.

After this unequivocal and heart-felt praise, I may venture to point out what appear to be defects in this great musician.

The first thing that an enlightened modern composer would notice, is an inattention to the forte of the different instruments, more particularly apparent in the parts of trumpets and other wind instruments, which in general lie aukwardly and unkindly. At the time we acknowledge this, we should remark, that in those days such niceties did not exist, for they are some of the real improvements of modern music. Handel's concertos and chorusses, without the least alteration of harmony or melody in the subject (as every real musician well knows) might be improved in this point, and produce a very superior and encreased effect.

A PORTRAIT OF JULIUS CÆSAR,

BY A PHILOSOPHER.

(Translated from the Melanges Philosophiques of M. Ophetlet).

If, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, the truth may be published without offence, a philosopher might, in the following terms, censure Cæsar without calumniating him, and applaud him without exciting his blushes.

Cæsar had one predominant passion: It was the love of glory; and he passed forty years of his life in seeking opportunities to foster and encourage it. His soul, entirely absorbed in ambition, did not open itself to other impulses. He cultivated letters, but he did not love them with enthusiasm, because he had not leisure to become the first orator of Rome. He corrupted the one half of the Roman ladies, but his heart had no concern in the fiery ardours of his senses. In the arms of Cleopatra, he thought of Pompey; and this singular man, who disdained to have a partner in the empire of the world, would have blushed to have been for one instant the slave of a woman.

We must not imagine, that Cæsar was born a warrior, as Sophocles and Milton were born poets. For, if nature had made him a citizen of Sybaris, he would have been the most voluptuous of men. If, in our days, he had been born in Pennsylvania, he would have been the most inoffensive of quakers, and would not have disturbed the tranquillity of the new world.

The moderation with which he conducted himself after his victories, has been highly extolled; but in this he shewed his penetration, not the goodness of his heart. Is it not obvious, that the display of certain virtues is necessary to put in motion the political machine? It was requisite that he should have the appearance of clemency, if he inclined, that Rome should forgive him his victories. But what greatness of mind is there, in a generosity, which follows on the usurpation of supreme power?

Nature, while it marked Cæsar with a sublime character, gave him also that spirit of perseverance, which renders it useful. He had no sooner begun to reflect, than he admired Sylla, hated him, and yet wished to imitate him. At the age of fifteen, he formed the pro-

ject of being Dictator. It was thus, that the President Montesquieu conceived, in his early youth, the idea of the spirit of laws.

Physical qualities, as well as moral causes, contributed to give strength to his character. Nature, which had made him for command, had given him an air of dignity. He had acquired that soft and insinuating eloquence, which is perfectly suited to seduce vulgar minds, and has a powerful influence on the most cultivated. His love of pleasure was a merit with the fair sex; and women, who, even in a republic can draw to them the suffrages and attention of men, have the highest importance in degenerate times. The ladies of his age were charmed with the prospect of having a dictator, whom they might subdue by their attractions.

In vain did the genius of Cato watch for some time to sustain the liberty of his country. It was unequal to contend with that of Cæsar. Of what avail were the eloquence, the philosophy, and the virtue of this republican, when opposed by a man, who had the address to debauch the wife of every citizen whose interest he meant to engage: who, possessing an enthusiasm for glory, wept, because, at the age of thirty, he had not conquered the world like Alexander; and who, with the haughty temper of a despot, was more desirous to be the first man in a village, than the second in Rome?

Cæsar had the good fortune to exist in times of trouble and civil commotions, when the minds of men are put into a ferment, when opportunities of great actions are frequent, when talents are every thing, and those who can only boast of their virtues, are nothing. If he had lived an hundred years sooner, he would have been no more than an obscure villain; and, instead of giving laws to the world, would not have been able to produce any confusion in it.

I will here be bold enough to advance an idea, which may appear paradoxical to those who weakly judge of men from what they achieve, and not from the principle which leads them to act. Nature formed in the same mould, Cæsar, Mahomet, Cromwell, and Kouli Khan. They all of them united to genius, that profound policy which renders it so powerful. They all of them had an evident superiority over those with whom they were surrounded; they were conscious of that superiority, and they made others conscious of it. They were all of them

born subjects, and became fortunate usurpers. Had Cæsar been placed in Persia, he would have made the conquest of India; in Arabia, he would have been the founder of a new religion; in London he would have stabbed his sovereign, or have procured his assassination under the sanction of the laws. He reigned with glory over men whom he had reduced to be slaves; and, under one aspect, he is to he considered as a hero, under another, as a monster. But it would be unfortunate, indeed, for society, if the possession of superior talents gave individuals a right to trouble its repose. Usurpers accordingly have flatterers, but no friends; strangers respect them; their subjects complain and submit; it is in their own families that humanity finds her avengers. Cæsar was assassinated by his son, Mahomet was poisoned by his wife, Kouli Khan was massacred by his nephew, and Cromwell only died in his bed because his son Richard was a philosopher.

Cæsar, the tyrant of his country; Cæsar, who destroyed the agents of his crimes, if they failed in address; Cæsar, in fine, the husband of every wife, and the wife of every husband; has been accounted a great man by the mob of writers. But it is only the philosopher, who knows how to mark the barrier between celebrity and greatness. The talents of this singular man, and the good fortune, which constantly attended him till the moment of his assassination, have concealed the enormity of his actions.

Because the successors of Cæsar adopted his name, we must not conclude, that they regarded him as a hero; they only considered him as the founder of a monarchy. This name was not the symbol of greatness of mind, but of power. The sovereigns of Rome were afraid to assume the title of KING, because it had too much meaning in the opinion of the people. They adopted that of Cæsar which had no meaning; and thus the Cæsars became greater than kings.

Besides, the sovereigns of Rome assumed the name of Augustus, and we cannot possibly imagine, that, by doing so, they proposed to do homage to the memory of that detestable prince? Could that accomplished philosopher who succeeded Antoninus, take Octavius Cepias for the model of his conduct? What relation is there between the sublime soul of a sovereign, the disciple of Zeno, and the atrocious mind of a tyrant, whose de-

structive policy had made despicable slaves of those Romans, whose fathers he had butchered? Had he any occasion for the name of Augustus? Had he not that of Marcus Aurelius?

I respect highly genius and talents; but, if a Cæsar should arise in any of our modern republics, I would advise its magistrates to lead him to the gibbet. If such a man should appear in a monarchy like that of France, it would be prudent to confine him in the Bastile. He should receive no protection but under an absolute government; and there he might rise to be an excellent despot.

It cannot escape the reader that much of the above article, written before the French Revolution, applies strongly to the character and fortunes of Bonaparte.

THE ARTS.

No. XIV.

ANECDOTES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF PAINTERS.

David Beek.—A very singular adventure happened to this painter, as he travelled through Germany. He was suddenly and violently taken ill at the inn where he lodged, and was laid out as a corpse, seeming to all appearance quite dead. His valets expressed the strongest marks of grief for the loss of their master: and while they sat beside his bed, they drank very freely by way of consolation. At last one of them, who grew much intoxicated, said to his companions,—Our master was fond of his glass while he was alive; and out of gratitude, let us give him a glass now he is dead. As the rest of the servants assented to the proposal, he raised up the head of his master, and endeavoured to pour some of the liquor into his mouth. By the fragrance of the wine, or probably by a small quantity that imperceptibly got down his throat, Beek opened his eyes; and the servant being excessively drunk, and forgetting that his master was considered as dead, compelled him to swallow what wine remained in the glass. The painter gradually revived, and by proper management and care recovered perfectly, and escaped an interment.

Buonamico Buffalmacco.---Vasari, among many instances of the drollery of this painter, tells us, that being engaged to paint the picture of a Madonna and

Bambino, in fresco, for a citizen in Florence, his employer disputed the payment when the painting was finished; but Buffalmacco, without seeming any way dissatisfied, went away, and prepared some water-colours, with which, very early the next morning, he effaced the Bambino, and painted a young bear in its stead, on the lap of the Virgin; which excited so much ridicule against the employer, that he supplicated earnestly to have the work restored to its original condition; and when he had paid the stipulated sum, Buffalmacco washed away the additional bear with a wet sponge.

ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO.---Andrea was the first of the Florentine artists who painted in oil; but although he learnt the method from Domenico, he secretly envied the merit of the man who taught him the art; and because his own works seemed to be much less admired than those of Domenico, he determined to assassinate his friend and benefactor. He executed his design with the utmost ingratitude and treachery, (for Domenico at that time lived with him, and painted in partnership with him;) and he stabbed him at a corner of a street so secretly, that he escaped unobserved and unsuspected to his own house, where he composedly sat down to work; and thither Domenico was soon after conveyed to die in the arms of his murderer. The real author of so inhuman a transaction was never discovered, till Andrea, through remorse of conscience, disclosed it on his deathbed.

JOSEPH VAN CRAASBECK.---Houbraken mentions a droll incident of this painter. Craasbeck took it into his head to be jealous of his wife, who was a modest and agreeable woman; and as he was in some doubt of her affection, in order to enable him to judge certainly whether she really loved him, he one day stripped his breast naked, and painted the appearance of a mortal wound on his skin; his lips and cheeks he painted of a livid colour, and on his palette, near him, he placed his knife, painted on the blade with a blood-like colour. When every thing was prepared, he roared out, as if he had been killed that instant, and lay still. His wife ran in, saw him in that terrifying condition, and shewed so many tokens of unaffected natural passion, and real grief, that he rose up, convinced of her affection, dissuaded her from grieving, and freely told her his motive for the whole contrivance.

Craasbeck very often studied a variety of grimaces before a glass, and frequently painted his own portrait, with a patch on one eye, and a countenance full of grimace, particularly about the mouth.

[*To be continued occasionally.*]

THE ADVANTAGES OF A TASTE FOR THE GENERAL BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia musæ
Accipiant!----------
---Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius.

Virg. Georg. L. II. Lin. 475.

That sensibility to beauty, which, when cultivated and improved, we term taste, is universally diffused through the human species: and it is most uniform with respect to those objects, which, being out of our power, are not liable to variation, from accident, caprice, or fashion. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are contemplated with pleasure by every attentive beholder. But the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, differ widely in degree: and to relish with full delight, the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by avarice, sensuality, or ambition; quick in her sensibilities; elevated in her sentiments; and devout in her affections. He who possesses such exalted powers of perception and enjoyment, may almost say, with the poet,

"I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
"You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
"You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
"Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face;
"You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
"The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
"Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
"And I their toys to the great children leave:
"Of fancy, reason, virtue nought can me bereave *"

Perhaps such ardent enthusiasm may not be compatible with the necessary toils, and active offices, which Providence has assigned to the generality of men. But there are none, to whom some portion of it may not prove advantageous; and if it were cherished, by each indi-

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* Thompson's Castle of Indolence.

vidual, in that degree, which is consistent with the indispensable duties of his station, the felicity of human life would be considerably augmented. From this source, the refined and vivid pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived: and the elegant arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects: and where would be the charms of poetry, if divested of the imagery and embellishments, which she borrows from rural scenes? Painters, statuaries, and poets, therefore, are always ambitious to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature; and as their skill increases, they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetable world. But the pleasure resulting from admiration is transient; and to cultivate taste, without regard to its influence on the passions, and affections, "is to rear a tree for its blossoms, which is capable of yielding the richest and most valuable fruit *." Physical and moral beauty bear so intimate a relation to each other, that they may be considered as different gradations in the scale of excellence; and the knowledge and relish of the former, should be deemed only a step to the nobler and more permanent enjoyments of the latter.

Whoever has visited the Leasowes, in Warwickshire, must have felt the force and propriety of an inscription, which meets the eye at the entrance into those delightful grounds.

"Would you then taste the tranquil scene?
"Be sure your bosom be serene;
"Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
"Devoid of all that poisons life;
"And much it vails you in their place
"To graft the love of human race *."

Now such scenes contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity, which is necessary to enjoy, and to heighten their beauties. By a secret contagion, the soul catches the harmony, which she contemplates; and the frame within assimilates itself to that which is without. For,

"Who can forbear to smile with Nature? Can
"The stormy passions in the bosom roil,
"While every gale is peace, and every grove
"Is melody †?"

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* Shenstone.

† Thompson's Seasons, first edit.

Horace, when he breaks forth into the animated exclamation,

In this state of sweet composure, we become susceptible of virtuous impressions, from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency; the guileless sheep, with pity; and the playful lamb raises emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse in his liberty and exemption from toil, whilst he ranges at large through enamelled pastures; and the frolics of the colt would afford unmixed delight, did we not recollect the bondage which he is soon to undergo.

We are charmed with the songs of birds, soothed with the buzz of insects, and pleased with the sportive motions of fishes, because these are expressions of enjoyment; and we exult in the felicity of the whole animated creation. Thus an equal and extensive benevolence is called forth into exertion; and having *felt* a common interest in the gratifications of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them.

It seems to be the intention of Providence, that the lower orders of animals should be subservient to the comfort, convenience, and sustenance of man. But his right of dominion extends no farther; and if this right be exercised with mildness, humanity and justice, the subjects of his power will be no less benefitted than himself. For various species of living creatures are annually multiplied by human art, improved in their perceptive powers by human culture, and plentifully fed by human industry. The relation therefore is reciprocal, between such animals and man; and he may supply his own wants by the use of their labour, the produce of their bodies, and even the sacrifice of their lives; whilst he co-operates with all-gracious Heaven, in promoting happiness, the great end of existence.

But though it be true, that *partial evil*, with respect to different orders of sensitive beings, may be *universal good;* and that it is a wise and benevolent institution of nature, to make destruction itself, within certain limitations, the cause of an increase of life and enjoyment; yet

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" *O, rus! quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit*
" *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis*
" *Ducere sol citæ jucunda oblivia vitæ;*"

Hor. Sat. VI.

seems to regret the want of that heartfelt complacency, which the bustle, pomp, and pleasures of imperial Rome could not afford.

a generous person will extend his compassionate regards to every individual that suffers for his sake: and whilst he sighs

" Ev'n for the kid or lamb, that pours its life
" Beneath the bloody knife*;"

he will naturally be solicitous to mitigate pain, both in duration and degree, by the gentlest modes of inflicting it.

I am inclined to believe, however, that this sense of humanity would soon be obliterated, and that the heart would grow callous to every soft impression, were it not for the benignant influence of the smiling face of nature. The Count de Lauzun, when imprisoned by Louis XIV, in the castle of Pignerol, amused himself during a long period of time, with catching flies, and delivering them to be devoured by a rapacious spider. Such an entertainment was equally singular and cruel; and inconsistent, I believe, with his former character, and subsequent turn of mind. But his cell had no window; and received only a glimmering light, from an aperture in the roof. In less unfavourable circumstances, may we not presume, that, instead of sporting with misery, he would have released the agonising flies; and bid them enjoy that freedom of which he himself was bereaved?

But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes than those which have been enumerated; and the cultivation of it not only refines and humanises, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being, who is the author of all that is fair, sublime, and good in the creation. Scepticism and irreligion are hardly compatible with the sensibility of heart† which arises from a just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us: and emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom, that is in unison with all animated nature. Actuated by this divine inspiration, man finds " a fane in every sacred grove‡:" and glowing with devout fervour, he joins his song to the universal chorus: or muses the praise of the Almighty, in silence more expressive. Thus they

" When Nature's works can charm, with God himself
" Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day
" With his conceptions; act upon his plan;
" And form to his, the relish of their souls||." P.

* Lord Lyttleton. † See Gregory's Comparative View. ‡ Thomson. || Akenside.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND HUMANITY.

No. I.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.—ON THE ESSAYS OF DR. DRAKE AND HENRY KIRKE WHITE.—ON THE PREFATORY REMARKS AND SONNETS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Trifles, when they please, are no longer trifles."

I AM perhaps unable to fulfil the task which I have assigned myself: but to the mind habituated to thinking, many ideas must present themselves which have at least the merit of novelty; and as my leisure hours have been principally devoted to literary pursuits, I hope the papers which I shall publish under the above title, will not be entirely destitute of interest or amusement. I shall avoid, as much as possible, the disgusting prolixity of common-place remarks: and my criticisms will be uninfluenced by prejudice or partiality.

It is my intention to commence with a short series of essays on the principal modern poets of Great Britain who have cultivated the sonnet, and as I shall not confine myself to a methodical arrangement of the authors, I have chosen as the subject of my first, the prefatory remarks and Sonnets of S. T. Coleridge.

I have been in some degree anticipated by two writers of very considerable merit, Dr. Drake, and the late Henry Kirke White; and, like other writers of treatises, shall begin my operations by attempting to point out the errors, and invalidate the opinions of these my predecessors. Some of the latter are too well founded to be refuted by any observations of mine, yet there are others which are vulnerable to my attacks, and my thus particularizing the points upon which I disagree with them, will also prevent an useless repetition of what they have before advanced.

In enumerating the most excellent of Milton's Sonnets it is strange that Dr. Drake should have omitted, in common with almost every other critic, the twenty-third, beginning "Methought I saw my late espoused saint." I think the allusion to his own blindness, with which it concludes, is uncommonly natural and affecting,

and could not be read without exciting every tender emotion:

> "But oh as to embrace me she inclin'd,
> I woke, she fled, and day brought back my night."

He afterwards observes, "one of the best and earliest attempts in England to naturalize the Sonnet, is to be found in the pages of the gallant Surrey." (Literary Hours, Vol. I. p. 107). They are undoubtedly the first productions under the *name* of Sonnets which we possess, but his friend Sir Thomas Wyat was the first who in these compositions adhered strictly to the Italian model. His writings are not, however, distinguished by the purity and elegance of those of Surrey.

In mentioning the intervening space between Milton and Bowles, it is also remarkable that he should have omitted the Sonnets of Warton.

The Essay of H. K. White is more full and ingenious than that of Dr. Drake, though it contains less original information; and the ingenuity which characterizes it has occasionally led him to make assertions which are unfounded, and distinctions which are unnecessary. "The earlier English sonneteers," says he, "confined themselves in general too strictly to the Italian model, as well *in the disposition of the rhymes*, as the cast of the ideas." The former part of this passage certainly betrays an ignorance of the writings of our early poets, as the contrary is the fact: for whilst Sir Thomas Wyat, Sir Philip Sydney, and Drummond of Hawthornden, were the principal writers who adhered to it; Howard Earl of Surrey, Michael Drayton, Spenser, Shakspeare, Daniel, Habington, and others, rejected it; and, were that any proof of its being adapted to our language, the compositions of the three former writers are much superior to any of the latter.

That a mind like H. K. White's should not have been alive to the peculiar beauties of Milton's Sonnets is unaccountable; but such was the case, and he adduced the prejudiced opinion of Dr. Johnson in favour of his own: The invention of the sonnet has been generally attributed to Guitone D'Arezzo, on the very just ground of his being the first who was known to use it; but Mr. White is inclined to dispute this, and attribute it to the Provençals, because they "*left scarcely any combination of metrical sounds unattempted*," and he thinks it a corroboration of this conjecture that "the name bears evident

affinity to the Italian *sonàre*, to resound, which originated in the Latin *sonans*, sounding, &c." "indeed" he observes, "it may come immediately from the French *sonner*, to sound or ring, in which language it is observable, we first meet with the word *sonnette*, where it signifies *a little bell*, and *sonnettier*, a maker of little bells," and these observations he considers as conclusive. It is a pity Mr. White should have shewn so much *grammatical lore* to so little purpose. We might with as much reason refuse to Servetus the merit of having discovered the circulation of the blood, *because most other anatomical discoveries had been previously made.*

As I intend to confine myself in the following criticisms to the principal poets *since* the time of Milton, I am aware that some of the above remarks are rather irrelevant; but as these writers had treated the subject before me, it was necessary I should refer to their productions, and referring to them, I could not avoid exposing the errors into which they seem to have fallen.

Towards the close of his essay, Mr. White is anxious to ascertain, whether compositions not formed exactly on the Italian model (which he thinks unsuited to our language) should preserve the *name* of sonnets. This was unnecessary; they are generally termed irregular sonnets, and they could not have a more appropriate appellation.

The Prefatory Remarks of Coleridge are unworthy of a mind like his; they are prejudiced, pedantic, and unsatisfactory.

"I have never yet," he observes, "been able to discover either sense, nature, or poetic fancy, in Petrarch's poems; they appear to me all one cold glitter of heavy conceits and metaphysical abstractions."---Few readers of Petrarch will be inclined to subscribe to this opinion. It is true his poems are sometimes deficient in nature and simplicity, but he generally displays elegance and fancy, and is frequently affecting.

"The greater part of Warton's sonnets," he continues, "are severe and masterly likenesses of the style of the Greek Επιγραμματα." I believe this remark did not originate with Coleridge, but whoever may have a claim to it, it is not more distinguished by its pedantry than by its untruth. I think it is evident that not the Greek *epigrammata*, but the sonnets of Milton were the models of Warton; and in a future number, if it is necessary, I shall endeavour to establish this position.

Coleridge is prejudiced against the legitimate sonnet, apparently because he has not been able to succeed in it, for even the irregular seems to lay too great a restraint on the wildness of his fancy, which is rather adapted to the sublimity of the Ode.

"The sonnet," he concludes, "has ever been a favorite composition with me; but I am conscious that I have not succeeded in it." I am sorry that this is the only remark in which I can agree with him, for they are certainly the least excellent of his productions; yet still they possess those occasional beauties, and bursts of imagination, which mark the man of genius even in his worst compositions.

From the nineteen which he published, the second, fifth, sixth, twelfth, fourteenth, and nineteenth, only, can be instanced as deserving unqualified praise. The palpable imitation of the pause and cadence of Bowles is not their least fault: a common writer may be allowed to imitate, but in such a man as Coleridge it disgusts.

It would not accord with my plan to notice each particular sonnet, especially as they are to be found in a work so easily obtained; but I shall transcribe the fifteenth as possessing, in a greater degree than any of the rest, both the beauties and faults which occasionally characterise the whole:

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
If thro' the shudd'ring midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's * cry—
That in no after moment, aught less vast
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror scream'd, and all her *goblin* rout
From the more with'ring scene diminish'd past.
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wand'ring at eve with finely frenzied eye
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild extacy!

The epithet "vast old *tempest-swinging* wood" is both obscure and inelegant: and the last line is "'too wild an extacy" to be natural: the beauty of the 19th is however sufficient to excuse a host of such faults as these.

Liverpool, Feb. 14th, 1808. W. M. T.

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* The Father of Moor in the play of the *Robbers*.

THE MONTHLY METEOR.

[The Author of the enclosed communication supposes it to have been *the Satirist*, which was alluded to in a late notice to a Correspondent of *the Cabinet*, where it was affirmed that "no farther notice of that work should be taken in the Cabinet:"—as, however, the Conductor of the Cabinet would not be *now* speaking in his own person, *Edgar* presumes the *subject* of his communication will be no bar to its insertion, provided there are not other obstacles, of which the Conductor will be the best judge.]

MR. CONDUCTOR,

You will excuse me, I hope, for expressing my surprize at the unfavourable sentiments you appear to entertain respecting the merits of a periodical publication, which, meteor-like, has lately burst upon our view, and which, meteor-like, it is to be feared, will as speedily disappear. *The Satirist*, sir, avowed as its object—the devotion of its pages to Impudence, Ignorance, and Folly; and so strictly has it adhered to its purpose, that from a determination ever to encourage veracity, I consider myself somewhat obligated to render it this public testimonial of my approbation.

Its claims to patronage, however, are not confined to a fact so singular; the rich variety of its classical references, and the frequent elegance of its epithets, not to mention the keenness of its satire or the worth of its strictures, have stamped it with a character as decided as it is fascinating; and I do flatter myself, sir, with a certainty of attaching the conductor of the Cabinet to my cause, upon a mere mention of its peculiar excellencies. Who, for instance, can attentively survey the emblematical designs which caricature *The Monthly Meteor*, without being lost in wonder at the spirited conception and fertile imagination of the artist? What infinite humour! What obvious allusion! Doubtless, Mr. Scrutiny, you have long been in reservation for this age of weakness and vice, since its follies you so eminently exemplify!

As political science is so ably elucidated in *the Satirist*, I must beg you to bear with me, sir, whilst I adduce one or two proofs of the enlightened views and notable policy of its editor. In his last number he has indeed broached a most masterly manœuvre, whereby, in case of a rupture with America, he disunites her states, and eventually re-

gains them to us as British colonies. A courteous proclamation is to achieve the whole! I think, sir, you will agree with me, that this sagacious proposition is a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind, and that if it has any apparent defect, it is only the too great proportion of one of the characteristics of excellence; it is too simple. It cannot be said that evidence is wanting of the loyalty or liberality of *the Satirist*. It is at this moment proclaiming a conformity to all the ceremonies of our national church, to be the only criterion of merit, and the sole test of patriotism. All who may chance not to rank themselves among the members of that establishment, it generously proscribes, and tenderly tells them, they are traitors to the king and country they ought to adore. I would congratulate our administration on the currency thus given to sentiments so congenial with the unanimity and best interests of the state, and would rejoice with my fellow subjects at the insignificancy of their numbers, who would thus sacrilegiously disturb our repose.

The department of *the Satirist* appropriated to the review of modern publications, you must acknowledge, sir, to be particularly commendable for its selection of original and interesting articles. It is not the musty legends of the antiquary, or the trumpery tales of our moralists, that it steps forward to combat and expose. No, sir, it is with the genius of a *Sedley* that it burns to contend, and by the loves of a *Doherty* that it aims to instruct! How courageously does it brave such formidable opponents, and with what dexterity does it pelt their pitiful heads! Had it not been, sir, for the Editor of *the Satirist*, these profound philosophers, like pickpockets pursued, would probably have glided through the crowd 'alike unknowing and unknown;' but he, wisely deeming it a fair opportunity for the exhibition of his critical acumen, and the exercise of his garrulity,---has graciously arrested them in the midst of their progress, and now divides with them their pretensions to fame, as being the first who noticed their appearance, and the only one who appreciated their merit.

With respect to the theatrical criticisms of *the Satirist*, I know not, for my own part, whether most to admire the boldness of their author's decisions, or the originality of his train of thinking. His censures are exquisitely delicate, and his dramatic tittle-tattle distinguishes him no

less for the minuteness than the diligence of his researches. Surely, Mr. Conductor, his estimates of the worth of our modern performers, are entitled to the highest consideration; for, whilst thundering in their ears his own studied verbosity and sable conceits, the editor of *the Satirist* must have had ample means of ascertaining their powers of perception and respective degrees of ability.

In addition to its ludicrous embellishments, classically executed disquisitions, tragical ravings, and satirical essays,—*the Monthly Meteor*, Mr. Conductor, has to boast of possessing the countenance and aid of the first literary talents of the age! Pye-men, Cole-men, and Knight-men, eagerly crowd to its tribunal, and occasionally enrich it with scientific lucubrations or professional information. Some very wisely illustrate their own illustrations; others convict others of the grossest misrepresentation; and each pledge themselves, it would seem, to add at future intervals some additional *bagatelle* to the long string of trifles *the Satirist* already exhibits.

Such, sir, are the striking features of the publication in question, and pitiably prejudiced must he be—who shall refuse to assign it a prominent station in the catalogue of Monthly Magazines and Museums. There are indeed, a few factious, murmuring souls, who complain that ever and anon, the same solitary change is rung;—that in each successive number they are greeted by the same jaded groupe, and entertained with a repetition of the same paltry pictures of degeneracy! and too idle or too ignorant to be very specific in their charges, they content themselves with expressing their miserable disappointment at its satire, and their great disgust at its assurance. These are objections, Mr. Conductor, which I think it beneath me to attempt to silence;---*the Satirist* is bidding them defiance, and though its present circulation is so limited, we shall, ere long, most assuredly, find that the people of England are not more conversant with its character than those of Peru, and that the natives of Kamtschatka are equally its patrons with the inhabitants of the British metropolis.

Feb. 1808. EDGAR.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. V.

Collatis undique membris.—Hor.

DON JUAN.

The following story is so extraordinary, that if I had not had it from good authority in the country where it happened, I should have considered it as the invention of some poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portuguese gentleman, whom I shall beg leave to describe no otherwise than by the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poisoning his half-sister by the same father, after she was with child by him. This gentleman had for some years before his trial led a very solitary life at his castle in the neighbourhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badajos, the frontier garrison of Spain: I was shewn his castle, as I passed through this dismal country, about a mile distant from the road, in a bottom surrounded with cork trees, and never saw a more melancholy habitation. The circumstances which made against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was in such general circulation in the neighbourhood where he lived, that although he laid out the greatest part of a considerable income in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or solicit relief, except one poor father of the Jeronymite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion.

A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos to make enquiry into the case: the supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the commissioners. Upon the trial, it came out, from the confession of the prisoner, as well as from the deposition of witnesses, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils: Don Juan being allowed to take this merchant's name, it was generally supposed that he was his natural son, and a clandestine affair of love having been

carried on between him and the merchant's daughter Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant, and a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she died in a few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady survived her death but a few days, and the father threw himself into a convent of Mendicants, making over, by deed of gift, the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts, for some made strongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the last-mentioned circumstance was of so contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity; and therefore to compel the prisoner to a further elucidation of the case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan, without betraying the least alarm upon what was going forward, told his judges, that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession upon certain points, to which he should truly speak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one syllable: he said that he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha any otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection, and a promise of marriage, which however he acknowledged had not been solemnized: that he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in question: that the merchant, for reasons best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name, and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, the son of a distant relation of the person who adopted him; he begged his judges therefore to observe, that he never understood Josepha to be his sister; that as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveness for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair by marrying her: that with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it to her with his own hands, for that she was sick in consequence of her pregnancy, and, being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himself; which he accordingly did, and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inasmuch

as he stood by the man whilst he prepared the medicine, and saw every ingredient separately put in.

The judges thereupon asked him, if he would take it on his conscience to say, that the lady did not die by poison. Don Juan, bursting into tears for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow he knew that she did die by poison.—Was that poison contained in the medicine she took?—It was.—Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in the medicine to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself?---Neither the apothecary, nor himself, was guilty.---Did the lady, from a principle of shame (he was then asked,) commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge?---He started into horror at the question, and took God to witness, that she was innocent of the deed.

The judges seemed now confounded, and for a time abstained from any further interrogatories, debating the matter amongst themselves by whispers; when one of them observed to the prisoner, that according to his confession, he had said she did die by poison, and yet, by the answers he had now given, it should seem as if he meant to acquit every person on whom suspicion could possibly rest; there was however one interrogatory left, which, unnatural as it was, he would put to him for form's sake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that question involved the father or mother of the lady.---Did he mean to impute the horrid intention of murdering their child to the parents?---No, replied the prisoner in a firm tone of voice, I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners, if I imputed it to them.---The judges upon this declared with one voice that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would however for the last time demand of him, if he knew who it was that did poison Josepha; to which he answered without hesitation, that he did know, but that no tortures should force him to declare it. As to life, he was weary of it, and they might dispose of it as they saw fit; he could not die in greater tortures than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recusant, and stripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a surgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulse; and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures; they had given him one severe stretch by liga-

tures fixed to his extremities and passed over an axle, which was turned by a windlass; the strain upon his muscles and joints by the action of this infernal machine was dreadful, and nature spoke his sufferings by a horrid crash in every limb; the sweat started in large drops upon his face and bosom, yet the man was firm amidst the agonies of the machine, not a groan escaped; and the fiend who was superintendant of the hellish work, declared they might increase his tortures upon the next tug, for that his pulse had not varied a stroke, nor abated of its strength in the smallest degree.

The tormentors had now begun a second operation with more violence than the former, which their devilish ingenuity had contrived to vary, so as to extort acuter pains from the application of the engine to parts that had not yet had their full share of the first agony; when suddenly a monk rushed into the chamber, and called out to the judges to desist from torturing that innocent man, and take the confession of the murderer from his own lips. Upon a signal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints snapped audibly into their sockets with the elasticity of a bow. Nature sunk under the revulsion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately with a loud voice exclaimed,---Inhuman wretches, delegates of hell, and agents of the devil, make ready your engine for the guilty, and take off your bloody hands from the innocent, for behold! (and so saying he threw back his cowl) behold the father and murderer of Josepha!——

The whole assembly started with astonishment; the judges stood aghast; and even the dæmons of torture rolled their eye-balls on the monk with horror and dismay.

If you are willing, says he to the judges, to receive my confession, whilst your tormentors are preparing their rack for the vilest criminal ever stretched upon it, hear me! If not, set your engine to work without further inquiry, and glut your appetites with human agonies, which once in your lives you may now inflict with justice.

Proceed, said the senior judge.

That guiltless sufferer, who now lies insensible before my eyes, said the monk, is the son of an excellent father, who was once my dearest friend: he was confided to my charge, being then an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our settlements in the Brazils: he

resided there twenty years without visiting Portugal once in the time; he remitted to me many sums of money on his son's account; at this time a hellish thought arose in my mind, which the distress of my affairs, and a passion for extravagance inspired, of converting the property of my charge to my own account; I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who is now at her account: let me do her justice to confess she withstood them firmly for a time. Still fortune frowned upon me, and I was sinking in my credit every hour; ruin stared me in the face, and nothing stood between me and immediate disgrace, but this infamous expedient.

At last persuasion, menaces, and the impending pressure of necessity conquered her virtue, and she acceded to the fraud. We agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name. I maintained a correspondence with his father by letters, pretending to be written by the son, and I supported my family in a splendid extravagance by the assignments I received from the Brazils. At length the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of his son and his heirs. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that the temptation of this contingency met with no resistance in my mind, and I determined upon removing this bar to my ambition, and proposed to my wife to secure the prize that fortune had hung within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror, and for some time her thoughts remained in so disturbed a state, that I did not think it prudent to renew the attack. After some time, the agent of the deceased arrived in Lisbon from the Brazils, and as he was privy to my correspondence, it became necessary for me to discover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was intitled to. In this crisis, threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice, pride, and the devil, on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that dose of poison, which we believed was intended for Don Juan, but which in fact was destined for our only child. She took it; heaven discharged its vengeance on our heads, and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder, for the child was alive within her. Are there words in language to express our lamentations? Are there tortures in the reach of even your

invention to compare with those we felt? Wonderful were the struggles of nature in the heart of our expiring child: she bewailed us, she consoled, nay she even forgave us. To Don Juan we made immediate confession of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict that punishment upon us, which justice demanded, and our crimes deserved. It was in this dreadful moment that our daughter with her last breath, by the most solemn adjurations, exacted and obtained a promise from Don Juan not to expose her parents to a public execution by disclosing what had passed. Alas! alas! we see too plainly how he kept his word: behold, he dies a martyr to honour! your infernal tortures have destroyed him.—

No sooner had the monk pronounced these words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a sigh; a second would have followed, but heaven no longer could tolerate the agonies of innocence, and stopped his heart for ever.

The Monk had fixed his eyes upon him, ghastly with terror; and as he stretched out his mangled limbs at life's last gasp,—Accursed monsters, he exclaimed, may God requite his murder on your souls at the great day of judgment! His blood be on your heads, ye ministers of darkness! For me, if heavenly vengeance is not yet appeased by my contrition, in the midst of flames my aggrieved soul will find some consolation in the thought, that you partake its torments.

Having uttered this in a voice scarce human, he plunged a knife to his heart, and, whilst his blood spouted on the pavement, dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE GREAT LORD CHATHAM.

BY A PERSON WHO WAS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AT THE TIME.

Lord Chatham came into the House of Lords, leaning upon two friends, lapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated. Within his large wig, little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and his penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of

more dignity: he appeared like a being of a superior species.

He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning on his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch and raised it, casting his eyes towards heaven, and said, "I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day—to perform my duty, and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm—have one foot, more than one foot in the grave—I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country!—perhaps never again to speak in this house!" ---a prophecy too fatally fulfilled!

The purport of his speech is well known. The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House, was most affecting: if any one had dropped an handkerchief, the noise would have been heard.

At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more than at any former period; both from his own situation, and from the importance of the subject on which he spoke. He gave the whole history of the American war; of all the measures to which he had objected; and all the evils which he had prophecied; adding, at the end of each, "and so it proved!"

In one part of his speech, he ridiculed the apprehension of an invasion, and then recalled the remembrances of former invasions. "Of a Spanish invasion, of a French invasion, of a Dutch invasion, many noble Lords may have read in history; and some Lords (looking keenly at one who sat near him) may, perhaps, remember a Scotch invasion."

While the Duke of Richmond was speaking, he looked at him with attention and composure; but when he rose up to answer, his strength failed him, and he fell backwards. He was instantly supported by those who were near him, and every one pressed round him with anxious solicitude. His youngest son, the hon. James Pitt (since dead,) was particularly active and clever in assisting his venerable father, though the youth was not more than 17 or 18 years of age.

Lord Chatham was carried to Mr. Sergent's house, in Downing-street, where he was accommodated with every kind and friendly attention, both at this time and on a

preceding day, when he had attended the House of Lords, some weeks before. From thence he was carried home to Hayes, and put to bed. He never rose again! Therefore his death may be properly said to have happened in the House of Lords, in the discharge of his great political duty: a duty which he came, in a dying state, to perform!

Such was the glorious end of this Great Man!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT.

AMONG the anecdotes which are recorded of this great lawyer, there is one which ought to live in the memory of every Englishman, as on the complete separation of the judicial and deliberative powers, depends a great part of the excellence of our constitution.

In the reign of Queen Anne 1704, several freemen of the borough of Aylesbury, who proved their qualifications, were refused the liberty of voting at the election of a member of parliament. The law in such cases imposes a fine on the returning officer of 100*l.* for every such offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who ordered the officer to be arrested. The House of Commons, alarmed at this step, made an order of the House to make it penal for either judge, counsel, or attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice and several lawyers were hardy enough to oppose this order, and brought it on in the court of King's Bench. The House, highly irritated at this contempt of their order, sent a serjeant at arms for the judge to appear before them; but that resolute defender of the laws bade him with a voice of authority "be gone!" on which they sent a second message by their Speaker, attended by as many members as espoused the measure. After the Speaker had delivered his message, his Lordship replied to him in the following remarkable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within this five minutes, or, you may depend on it, I will send you to Newgate! You speak of *your* authority, but I'll tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws, and a distributor of justice, and were the whole House of Commons in your belly, I would not stir one foot!" The Speaker was prudent enough to retire, and the House were equally prudent in letting the affair drop.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE, CULPATQUE.

Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, late of St. John's College, Cambridge; with an Account of his Life, by Robert Southey. 8vo. 2 *vols.*; *London, Vernor and Co. and Longman and Co.; Cambridge, Dighton; and Nottingham, Dunn.* 1807.

That the present volumes are edited by the bard, "who sang the Maid of Arc, and framed of Thalaba the wild and wondrous tale," may perhaps afford a sufficient presumption that they have no common merit. They contain the works of a youth, like Chatterton, gifted with genius, and panting for fame, and whose career, like his, was interrupted by premature death.

The life which is prefixed does not possess any peculiar excellence, and the events which it records are, for the most part such as usually characterize the early life of those who are addicted to literary pursuits, and struggling for distinction in poverty and obscurity.

It is however amusing, for biography generally is so; and it is useful, as it confirms the editor's assertion, "That in this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement, is, sooner or later, sure to receive it," and proves that the most unfavourable situation cannot always depress the energies of the mind, which, like the primrose on the rock, may blossom even amidst sterility. The anecdote which it relates of the editor's conduct towards the author, whilst depressed by the unjust and unmanly criticisms of the Monthly Review on the publication of his first juvenile efforts, place the character of Southey in the most amiable light.

To the life a collection of his letters is added, which serves as an useful supplement, and these are succeeded by a few pages of "tributary verses," some of them sufficiently elegant and spirited; but the language of praise in time becomes monotonous, and much, therefore, is said of him which had frequently before been said of others.

From these we turn to his poems, and to them we shall pay particular attention, as they are the productions of a mind glowing with the brightest visions of the bard, though often disgraced by inelegance, and corrupted by inatten-

tion: but this his situation may excuse; and when we reflect upon the disadvantages under which he laboured, we must rather wonder that he attained such superior excellence, than condemn him for not having escaped from error.

His longest productions are "Childhood, a Poem, in two parts;" "Clifton Grove;" "Gondeline, a Ballad;" an unfinished poem "on Time;" and "the Christiad," a divine poem, also unfinished: these we shall notice separately, but our limits prevent us from making such extracts as we could wish, and in reviewing the lesser poems we can only point out "The Ode to the Morning, To my Lyre, The wandering Boy, the 2d, 5th, and 8th Sonnets of the 1st part, the 5th and 7th of the 2d part, the Ode to Henry Fuseli, R. A. To Contemplation," and the ode on "Genius," as possessing uncommon merit. Indeed, even in the pieces we should condemn there is a nameless charm, which could only be produced by a lively imagination and a feeling heart; his faults are those little inattentions which are perhaps excusable in the compositions of so young a writer; but his beauties are such as are attainable by genius alone, and the disgust excited by the one, is quickly lost in our admiration of the other.

The poem on Childhood is said "to have been written when he was between fourteen and fifteen," and a great part of it seems undoubtedly to have been the production of *early youth*; but still there is such a striking inequality in the composition as to convince every reader, as far as internal evidence may be allowed to convince, that some parts have undergone revision, and additions been made to others at a more advanced period. In proof of this hypothesis we shall make the following quotation:

"Pictur'd in memory's mellowing glass, how sweet
Our infant days, our infant joys to greet;
To roam in fancy in each cherish'd scene,
The village churchyard, and the village green,
The woodland walk remote, the greenwood glade,
The mossy seat beneath the hawthorn's shade,
The white-wash'd cottage, where the woodbine grew,
And all the favourite haunts our childhood knew!
How sweet, while all the evil shuns the gaze,
To view the unclouded skies of former days!"

"Yet even round childhood's heart, a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh."

Though "thoughtless shrine" is an obscure and ill-chosen epithet, yet otherwise the above passages are in their sentiments beautiful, and harmonious in their versification, and can never be supposed to be the production of the same age as the following:

"For banners to a tall ash we did bind
Our handkerchiefs, flapping to the whistling wind."

"To yonder hill, whose sides, deform'd and steep,
Just yield a scanty sustenance to the sheep."

"For thou art gone, and I am left below,
Alone to struggle thro' this world of woe."

with several others of the same description.

Should the supposition we have hazarded above be true, we cannot sufficiently reprobate the editor for giving his sanction to the deceit; the manuscript would itself have been sufficient to have convinced him if it was written at one time, and the love of truth ought surely not to be sacrificed to the vanity of friendship. But at whatever age it may have been composed, it contains *a few* passages which would not disgrace the best writer, when possessed of his powers in their greatest vigour.

To Clifton Grove, as the production of sixteen, we can give unqualified praise; it is superior to any thing in the English language which has been written at the same age, and equal to many which rank high amongst the works of our national bards; with a few exceptions, it is throughout elegant and affecting.

The unfinished poem on Time is a more unequal composition; but if its faults are more numerous, its beauties are also of a higher order; there are many passages which are impressive, and some which are even sublime; it bears considerable resemblance to the style of Young, who was probably his model.

The subject of "the Christiad" (which we are told "was the work which Henry had most at heart") was undoubtedly ill-chosen. Yet, taken from the Holy Scriptures, and previously used by Milton, it is perhaps the highest praise we can bestow, to say that he has still formed a poem which, even in its present unfinished state, astonishes and delights. It is written in the stanza of Spenser, with more ease and strength than it usually possesses. In confirmation of our opinion we transcribe the first.

I sing the Cross!---Ye white-rob'd angel choirs,
Who know the chords of harmony to sweep;

Ye who o'er holy David's varying wires,
Were wont of old your hovering watch to keep,
Oh now descend! and with your harpings deep,
Pouring sublime the full symphonious stream
Of music,---such as soothes the saint's last sleep,
Awake my slumbering spirit from its dream,
And teach me how to exalt the high mysterious theme."

The ballad of Gondeline is in the manner of Monk Lewis, but too much like an imitation of that author to be pleasing.

Before we close our remarks we shall present the reader with the following quotations, that by them he may judge how far our sentiments are to be relied on. And from amidst the many beauties with which these volumes abound, we have selected the passages we now copy.

" Behold the world
Rests, and her tir'd inhabitants have paus'd
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceas'd to weep, and her twin orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshar'd. The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but, surprized
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic, lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,
Crowning with hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,
Poor victim! smiles."

" O how weak
Is mortal man! how trifling---how confin'd
His scope of vision.————it is strange,
'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies;
Behold him proudly view some pompous pile,
Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies,
And smile, and say, my name shall live with this
'Till time shall be no more; while at his feet,
Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust
Of the fallen fabric of the other day,
Preaches the solemn lesson---He *should* know
That Time must conquer."

From the Pacific's vast [unbounded] realm,
Where never plummet's sound was heard to part
The wilderness of water; they shall come
To greet the solemn advent of the judge."

" The western gale,
Mild as the kisses of connubial love."

" Mourn! Salem, mourn! low lies thine humbled state,
Thy glittering fanes are levelled with the ground!
Fallen is thy pride! Thine halls are desolate!
Where erst was heard the timbrel's sprightly sound,

And frolic pleasures tripp'd the nightly round,
There breeds the wild fox lonely,---and aghast
Stands the mute pilgrim at the void profound,
Unbroke by noise, save when the hurrying blast
Sighs, like a spirit, deep along the cheerless waste."

Those who are not affected by the following lines, written on the prospect of his own death, are never likely to be affected by any thing.

" —— I had plann'd full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness,---romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulph of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none;--- another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance——
On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptur'd stone;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanish'd memory. I did hope
For better things! I hop'd I should not leave
The earth without a vestige;---Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise, and I submit."

But we are aware, that in giving these confined and garbled extracts, we are not doing our author justice, we must therefore refer to the volumes themselves, confident that they will impart the delight which genuine poetry never fails to produce where nature has given the respondent feeling.

Of the inelegancies which we have reprobated, the following may serve as a specimen:

" The pale pilot——oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife and little home, and *chubby lad*."

" To *illume* the heavy *gloom* with pure and steady light."

" The horses all are bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup."

" God of the just,---thou gav'st the bitter cup;
I bow to thy behest, *and drink it up*."

" Do I not *feel?* The doubt is keen as *steel*—
Yes I do *feel*, most exquisitely *feel*."

" Oh! I am wrapt aloft. My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind!!!"

The Sonnet, page 104, is intended to be lively; but it is the liveliness of despair, the mirth of him who smiles upon the rack.

The work closes with some prose compositions, which give us additional reason to regret the author's premature death.

We may be thought to have paid more attention to these volumes than their intrinsic merit can perhaps justify; but the circumstances under which they are given to the world, render their publication an event in the history of literature, which it would have been criminal in us not to have recorded.

As the editor, Mr. Southey had little to do, and that little is not done so well as his name would lead us to expect. He has shewn great want of selection, even judging from his own works. (Vol. I. p. 54.) But his conduct in his editorial capacity is a proof of his benevolence if not of his taste: of his genius none is required: and it is gratifying to a young writer to see such men as Southey, "like the good spirits in Trissino, sit under the shade of their own laurels, and smile encouragement on those who are labouring up the mountains over which they preside *."

Considerations on the Causes, Objects, and Consequences of the present War, and on the Expediency, or the Danger of Peace with France. By William Roscoe, Esq. 2d edition, pp. 135. *Cadell.* 1808.

To the reputation of an elegant poet and historian, Mr. Roscoe has, by the present publication, added that of an enlightened statesman. The facts which it states are arranged perspicuously, the arguments well founded, and the conclusions drawn from them are, in our opinion, irresistible.

It is not the dangerous sophistry of a party writer, but the plain and just reasoning of a real patriot.

We shall not give our readers a foretaste of its excellence, by such extracts as we could present them with, but refer them to the work itself, of which we are confident no man who loves his country ought to neglect the perusal.

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* Strangford.

The Bumpkins' Disaster; or a Journey to London, by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, Author of the Regal and Ecclesiastical History of England, &c. Appleyard, 1808.

[*Resumed from Page* 120.]

This poem, which forms part of the volume reviewed in our last number, is of a humourous complexion. It is founded on circumstances no less singular than true. —" Two substantial Farmers, C**n and H*on, who are in this Tale called *Ploughshare* and *Clodpoll*, resided, about thirty years ago, at a small village, nearly four miles distant from the town of Hertford. During the late American war, when parties ran high, and politics almost exclusively engrossed the attention of men in every class of society; no meeting was convened, but public measures usually became the theme of discussion; ---from the tavern to the pothouse, from the barber's shop to the carpeted parlour, from town to country, the uproar extended, and houses and streets rang with the clamours of the disputants: and blows not unfrequently terminated the wordy strife.---Precisely such was the posture of affairs at the club-meeting that was holden at Hertford Town, of which the heroes of the subsequent Tale were members. Discord reared her baleful pinions, and, in her airy flight, dispersed the seeds of contention among this little assembly, which was assembled from different parts of the country for many miles around.--- Heretofore the Farmers had met, and transacted their business; took their glass, sang their song, and retired to their respective homes in perfect fellowship and harmony :---Now, the factious toast on one side, and the cry of loyalty on the other :---here the condemnation, there the approval of men in power, and their measures;--- reproachful and sarcastic speeches levelled even against Majesty itself on one part, heard and replied to with indignation on the other; engendered such a scene of disturbance, that the good old times of wonted fellowship seemed totally to have passed away,---never to return. Impressed with this notion, our two worthies, *Ploughshare* and his friend *Clodpoll*, took it into their heads, that no way remained to bring about a reformation of these evils, but by laying the case before the king; and this they resolved to undertake themselves. For this purpose, as the Tale narrates, they proceeded to London;

whe e, through their ignorance and home-bred manners, and the oddity of the business that drew them from their homes, (which of course they disclosed to every one with whom they fell into conversation,) they were duped, ridiculed, (though they had not the wit to discern it,) robbed, and drawn into many awkward predicaments.—Being lovers of good cheer, and constant friends to the full-charged glass, it may be supposed that, among their new-scraped acquaintance, at whatever inn they put up while in town, they were not sparing in the use of strong liquors, and oftentimes plunged themselves into a state of inebriety. This was really the case: and frequent intoxication, and the loss of their money, with which the Farmers took good care to have their pockets well lined, was the issue of their journey to town; except that, in their own village, and before their rustic companions, even to the present time, the wiseacres talk of the services that they would have rendered their King and Country, with as much self-importance as though the mad-headed scheme they projected (though baffled by adverse fate) really had been calculated to have rescued the State from impending ruin: and among the listening boobies they acquire no little applause.

This, however improbable it may appear, is a real statement of the case: the Farmers (it is again repeated) actually left their homes, and came up to London, that they might talk to the King face to face, and petition him to redress certain evils, in the capacity of a private man, that actually would have required the interference of the Legislature.—The adventures that the Bumpkins met with at the Palace (unfortunately left by the author in a very unfinished state) may require a brief explanation. The strange remarks that they make on the *throne*, mistaking it for a *bedstead*, and blundering upon a yeoman of the guard for the *King*, afforded not a little amusement to the guides who were shewing them the rooms and decorations of the palace: and if these egregious misconceptions diverted the conductors, the communications that the Farmers made of the motives that led them to town, produced equal astonishment upon their hearers; who, to humour the joke still farther, (though they convinced the blockheads of their error respecting the throne,) led them to believe that the personage whom they took for the King, is in reality *not* His Majesty, but a noble *Lord*, his Majesty's near *relation*:

this, our wiseacres readily credited, and related to him the business they came about, with much humility and obeisance; while the *lord* yeoman promised that they should have redress, and that he would himself report their errand to His Majesty. His *Lordship*, however, farther informed the bumpkins, that if they would see the King themselves, they might meet with him in the city, he being gone thither, to pay his morning visits, and might certainly be found at the Mansion-house, if they set forward in haste.—The Farmers accordingly, with many bows and thanks to his *Lordship* for his information, addressed themselves to their journey; and with as much speed as they could travel through the London-streets, they proceeded to the Mansion-house. Arrived there, they posted along the passage that leads to the kitchen, and, with much assumed importance, demanded of the servants of the Lord Mayor instant admission to the King, who (as his Majesty's noble *relation* had informed them) is on a visit to his Lordship their master. The servants at first conceived the Farmers to be insane, and were for turning them out into the street; but in a little time the bumpkins worked themselves into the good graces of these laughter-loving domestics, who now began to entertain a different opinion of these singular visitants; and, learning from their rustic communications the full purport of their errand, they resolved still farther to gratify their mirth at our heroes' expence: accordingly the butler and the cook ushered them into the kitchen, and feasted them sumptuously, and treated them with plenty of good liquor: when at length the Farmers, who spared not the use of the good cheer, were completely intoxicated; and at last, staggering homeward to their inn, their stock of money being nearly exhausted, they, the next morning when they had regained a tolerable degree of sobriety, were constrained to go back to their homes, to equip themselves afresh, for a second journey, which they now determined to undertake.—The reception the bumpkins met with in their families on their return, must be left to the reader's imagination. It can, however, be added, that they never undertook this second journey."

Mr. Strutt, in this whimsical poem, appears to great advantage. It is full of comic character, entertaining incident, and easy humour. The *Visit to Saint James's*,

the great object of their journey, fully justifies our assertion.

" —AND they were told, that twelve o'clock at noon,
Was proper time, and not at all too soon,
To see the King: nor doubted he but they
Might find him at St. James's any day.
Full flush'd with hope, they sally'd from the inn,
Defying danger, deathless fame to win;
The Park avoiding, where, like fiends of hell,
The thieves beset them:—Posting down Pall-Mall,
They reach'd St. James's, and with cautious eye
Peep'd through the gate, in order to descry
If all were safe within: Safe all appeared;
The mob was gone, and nothing to be fear'd
Obstructed their free passage. Boldly then
They enter'd both, and, like courageous men,
Look'd bluff and big while they the yard survey'd,
The Guards on duty, and the flag display'd:
But most the whale-bone their attention claim'd.—
' Tell me,' quoth CLODPOLL, ' what the beast is nam'd,
' That had such bones, so plaguy large and long?
' No horse was ever half so big or strong.'
His friend replied: " The elephant, I'm told,
" Has teeth like this, worth near their weight in gold:
" But if no tooth,—for I bethink me now,
" The rib perchance it is of that *Dunn Cow*,
" In days of yore by Guy of Warwick slain,
" As histories report, on Dunmow Plain;
" And to the king a rib the champion sent;
" Who plac'd it here a lasting monument
" Of Guy's victorious fight."—With staring eyes
And uplift hands, expressive of surprise,
CLODPOLL enquir'd, ' Who was that famous Guy?
' A giant?'—" No; a man like you and I;"
Return'd his friend; " but in the battle skill'd,
" Giants he fought and dragons often kill'd.——
" But more important matters now require
" Our care, my friend; and first, let us enquire,
" Where in this spacious mansion may be found,
" The King in state with all his lords around?"
A centinel on duty stood hard by;
The Farmers' speech he heard, and made reply,
(His hat first touch'd): Your honours' worships may
" See all the rooms of state, and rich display
" Of swords, of pistols, bayonets, and guns,
" In order plac'd like moons, and stars, and suns."
Pointing his hand: " Ascend those stairs," he cry'd,
" And at the top you'll find a faithful guide."
They doff't their hats with thanks, and left their friend,
And, as advis'd, with haste the stairs ascend.
The anti-chamber enter'd, they espy'd
The arms in various forms, and found the guide.

They saw with wonder; nor were less amaz'd,
When round the rooms of state they wildly gaz'd.
The throne enrich'd with gold, and canopy
With art ennobled, first caught CLODPOLL's eye.
'What wond'rous sight is this? say, PLOUGHSHARE, say:
'Half-tester bedstead ne'er so rich and gay
'Saw I before! Four posts there are to mine;
'Yet is it not, in truth, one half so fine!'
So spake the bumpkin.—With a smile, the guide
Survey'd them both, and quickly thus reply'd:
'This is the chamber where, on days of court,
'The Nobles to his Majesty resort:
'And that which but a bedstead seems to thee,
'Is call'd the *Throne*:—the King, and only he,
'Is seated there.'—"Why, that's the very thing
"We want to see, my friend; where is the King?"
Cried PLOUGHSHARE, interrupting:—"'tis high noon:
"Will not the King and Court assemble soon?
"With him our business is, a tale to tell
"Shall please his Honour's Highness passing well:
"And good advice, I trust, we shall not spare
"Of mighty matters, that deserve his care."
'Half craz'd at least are both,'—bethought the guide,
While PLOUGHSHARE stalk'd about with conscious pride,
At CLODPOLL winking, who, with vacant grin,
In silence nodded.—"Is the King within?
Continu'd he: "for we his Worship's Grace
"Must see in haste, and talk with, face to face.
"Charg'd with affairs we come of greatest weight;
"Important matters which concern the State:
"The King himself we seek, without restraint
"To lay before his Grace our just complaint;
"Expose the source from which great evils flow;
"For most we feel, and best the grievance know."
With stifled laugh, the gentleman reply'd:
'Brave man of worth, your country's greatest pride,
'Who with undaunted courage, for her sake,
'Such bold adventures dar'st to undertake:
'For you, shall future fame the laurels twine,
'The bells shall ring, and conduits run with wine
'And ancient glory fade eclips'd by thine.'

* * * * * * * * * * *

[Some Yeomen entering the room, habited in their gold-laced coats,]

Old CLODPOLL, frighted, ran full hastily
Behind his comrade, and aloud did cry:
'His Honour's gracious Majesty himself
'Is coming out! Bow down, thou silly elf;
'Down humbly on your knees as I do now,
'And doff your hat, and make a proper bow.'
Down PLOUGHSHARE dropp'd at once upon his knees;
"May it," says he, "your Royal Highness please,
"In gracious sort, with truth to answer me:
"The King I seek; pray tell me, art thou he?"

* * * * * * * * * *

This poem was left by the author in an unfinished state, but nothing very material has been omitted.

The work is published by the author's son, who proposes to send to the press, very shortly, An Account of his Father's Life and Writings, which will no doubt be very acceptable.

The Satirists Satirized, or a Peep at the Monthly Meteor. Printed for the Author. 8vo. 2s. [*No Publisher's Name.*] 1807.

This is *contending for the wall with a chimney-sweeper.* The author's motive may be good, but he is a very indifferent writer; in this respect, however, the parties are equally matched.

Antiquity, a Farce, in Two Acts. 8vo. *Chapple* 1808.

A dramatic attempt written, says the author, "upon the principles inculcated by the author of the late theatrical criticisms in the *News.*" What those principles are, will not be easily gathered from a perusal of this farce, the object of which seems to be to ridicule an excessive partiality for ancient names and customs, and the old British Poets. Harvey, the hero of the farce, is an enthusiast in English antiquity, and among other whims intends to give his friends "a true antiquity supper, at which they are all to personate the merry characters of Sir John Falstaff, Prince Henry, and the rest of his associates." Rightwell, his uncle, wishes to destroy his nephew's attachment to the *fifteenth century:*

"Now, my plan for purging him of this romantic nonsense is to be brought about by the continual blunders which I wish you and the rest of his fellow-masqueraders to commit, as if from ignorance: these blunders may consist of anachronisms, and the frequent use of modern refinements, which will totally discompose his sense of ancient manners, and will perhaps so far enrage him, as to make him vow never to think of the days of antiquity again: if they do this, 'they'll so offend,' as your character of Prince Henry to-night says, 'to make offence a skill."

This scheme is successful; and Harvey forsakes Falstaff and Queen Elizabeth, for "*modernism*" and a wife.

The design and dialogue of this farce are not without their merit; but, upon the whole, we think it rather fortunate for the author that he had not sufficient "private interest" to procure its *representation.*

The Unknown; or the Northern Gallery, A Romance. In Three Volumes. By Francis Lathom, Author of the Mysterious Freebooter, the Impenetrable Secret, Mystery, &c. &c. Lane. 12*mo.* 1808.

In this romance Mr. Lathom, who is one of our best novelists of the modern school, has laid himself open to the censure of those who condemn that mixture of history and fiction, so frequently to be met with in works of this description. He is sensible of this, and offers some remarks in his defence. He thinks it is not an author's business to enquire why the public taste requires this union, but to comply with it: and that it is sufficient if he points them out to the reader. We cannot concede quite so much to him, but it is certain that incidents which appear connected with some great historical events and characters that bear the names of real heroes, excite a stronger interest, and, in general, afford more gratification in the perusal, than the marvellous exploits of personages entirely fictitious. That ignorance may not be mis-led, Mr. Lathom thus explains the obligations he owes to history for the materials of the *Unknown.*

"The eventful life of Bishop Latimer is known to every infant; equally notorious is the sentence which was inflicted by Queen Mary on the Duke of Northumberland and his adherents, for having attempted to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne; (that one of those condemned to suffer with him was named Percival Godolphin, I believe there is no authority but my tale): that Henry the Eighth had a natural son, Henry Fitzroy, by Lady Elizabeth Talboyse; and that Framlingham Castle devolved on that monarch, and thence on his son and successor, when forfeited by the Duke of Norfolk, in consequence of an attainder being lain on that nobleman, every history of England gives information; and that during the reign of Mary, a youth, named William

Fetherstone, who was bruited about as Edward the Sixth, was ultimately discovered to be an impostor, and hanged at Tyburn, Baker's Chronicles afford authority. The rest of the subsequent narrative, with the exception of accidental sentences, is all fiction.

The reason for my selecting Framlingham Castle, as the seat of my principal action, was, because I considered that at an age when it is become a fashion for the pen of the romance-writer to celebrate the magnificent structures of former days, no one appeared to me more deserving of being thus noticed. It has been the scene of many great events in the history of our country, and its present decayed state is one of the most splendid monuments of ancient grandeur remaining in this kingdom. I recommend a visit to its ivy-mantled towers, as one of the highest treats which a mind that loves to feast upon the gloomily-enchanting recollections of times past, can enjoy; nor must the visitor to Framlingham forget the parish church, which contains many splendid and beautiful monuments of the Dukes of Norfolk, and likewise a tomb of most curious workmanship, which encloses the dust of Lord Henry Fitzroy."

It would be scarcely just to the author were we merely to observe that we think well of his production. We may honestly add that the story abounds with interesting situation and happy delineations of character, and that Mr. Lathom has admitted none of those common-place artifices which are now become as familiar to the readers of novels as to the writers of them. He understands the art of concealing his catastrophe better than most of his brethren, and this without the intrusion of any abrupt or grossly improbable circumstances. We doubt not that very numerous inquiries will be made after the *Unknown*.

Illustration of the Scenery of Killarney and the surrounding country. By Isaac Weld, M. R. I, A. 4to. *2l. 2s. Longman and Co.* 1807.

Mr. Weld in describing the beauties of this celebrated lake, which may be called the *pride of Ireland*, seems to have written *con amore*. He has dwelt upon the subject with a delight which we fear will not be generally participated. He has indeed bestowed his *whole te-*

diousness upon it; and has detailed every particular with a minuteness which is often very fatiguing to the reader. As a work of information, however, it is entitled to great respect, and occasionally the author amuses by his anecdotes, and interests by his descriptions. Our plan will not admit of much extract. The following account of an extraordinary phenomenon sometimes visible at sun-set, and of the celebrated echoes, are not uninteresting:

"Occasionally an effect is produced by the setting sun, on the range of mountains bounding the lake, not less beautiful than rare, and totally differing from what I remember to have seen in other mountainous countries; though doubtless, in particular situations, the same appearance may result from the variations of the atmosphere. I can only attempt to give an idea of it, by describing it as displaying the mountains in a transparent state, and suffused with a lively purple hue. Varying however from the aërial aspect of distant mountains, all the objects upon them, rocks, woods, and even houses, are distinctly visible,—more so, indeed, than at noon day; whilst at the same time their forms appear so unsubstantial, so ethereal, that one might fancy it possible to pass through them without resistance. I happened to be alone when I first witnessed this singular phenomenon; and having communicated it to some friends who were with me at Killarney, we several times walked down to the lake when the state of the atmosphere seemed propitious; but being frequently disappointed in our hopes of beholding it, my description began to pass for the mere creation of fancy; at last, however, the mountains put on this magical aspect, and incredulity instantly gave place to admiration and delight. This appearance is very transient, continuing only for about ten minutes, whilst the sun is sinking below the horizon. The mountains on which it is observeable are Tomies, and those which lie next in the chain towards the west."

"It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an adequate idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff: whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music, or the loud discordant report of a cannon. Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight.

"To enjoy the echoes to the utmost advantage, it is necessary that a number of musicians should be placed

on the banks of the river, about fifty yards below the base of the cliff; while the auditors, excluded from their view, seat themselves on the opposite bank, at some distance above the cliff, behind a small rocky projection. Were a stranger conducted hither ignorant of this arrangement, and unprepared by any previous description for the illusory effect of the echo, I am persuaded he would be unable to form a tolerable conjecture, as to the source of the sounds, or the number of the instruments. The primary notes are quite lost; whilst those which are reverberated meet the ear increased in strength, in brilliancy, and in sweetness. Sometimes it might be supposed that multitudes of musicians, playing upon instruments for more than mortal use, were concealed in the caverns of the rock; or behind the trees on different parts of the cliff; at others, when a light breeze favours the delusion, it seems as if they were hovering in the air. At intervals the treble sounds of flutes and clarionets,

> In sweet vibration thrilling o'er the skies,

are alone heard; and then again, after a short suspension,

> The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes,
> ——————and load the trembling air
> With various melody.

But notwithstanding the occasional swell and predominance of certain instruments, the measure of the melody is not impaired, nor do the notes come confusedly to the ear: the air which is played should, however, be very slow, and the harmony simple, affording a frequent repetition of perfect chords.

"When the music has subsided, whilst every auditor still remains in a state of breathless admiration, it is usual to discharge a cannon from the promontory opposite to the cliff, which never fails to startle, and to stun the ear, ill prepared as it must be for the shock, after dwelling upon the sweet melody which has preceded it. The report of the gun produces a discordant crash, as if the whole pile of rocks were rent asunder; and the succeeding echoes resemble a tremendous peal of thunder. During a favourable state of the atmosphere, upon which much depends, twelve reverberations, and sometimes more, may be distinctly counted; and what appears extraordinary, after the sound has been totally lost, it occasionally revives, becomes louder and louder for a few seconds, and then again dies away."

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

A BRIEF SUPPLEMENT TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

By Tony Aston.

[*Continued from page* 123.]

SANDFORD—CAVE UNDERHILL—AND DOGGET.

Mr. Sandford, although not usually deem'd an actor of the first rank, yet the characters allotted him were such, that none besides, then or since, ever topp'd; for his figure, which was diminutive and mean, (being round-shoulder'd, meagre-fac'd, spindle-shank'd, splay-footed, with a sour countenance, and long lean arms,) rendered him a proper person to discharge *Iago*, *Foresight*, and *Ma'hgnij*, in the Villain. But he fail'd in succeeding in a fine description of a triumphant cavalcade, in *Alonzo* in the Mourning Bride, because his figure was despicable, (although his energy was, by his voice and action, enforc'd with great soundness of art, and justice). This person acted strongly with his face,—and (as King *Charles* said) was the best villain in the world. He proceeded from the *Sandfords* of *Sandford*, that lies between *Whitchurch* and *Newport*, in *Shropshire*. He would not be concern'd with Mr. *Betterton*, Mrs. *Barry*, &c. as a sharer in the revolt from *Drury-Lane* to *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields;* but said, *This is my agreement*---To Samuel Sandford, *gentleman*, threescore shillings a week---Pho! pho! *said* Mr. Betterton, *three pounds a week---No, no, said* Sandford;---To Samuel Sandford, *gentleman*, threescore shillings a week---For which *Cave Underhill*, who was a 3-quarter sharer, would often jeer *Sandford*, saying, *Samuel Sandford, gent. my Man*.---Go, you sot, said *Sandford*.---To which t'other ever replied, *Samuel Sandford, my man* Samuel.

Cave Underhill, though not the best actor in the course of precedency, was more admired by the actors than the audience, there being then no rivals in his dry, heavy, down-right way in low comedy. His few parts were, the first grave-digger in Hamlet, *Sancho Pancha*, in the first part of *Don Quixot*,---*Ned Blunt*, in the

ROVER,---*Iacomo*, in the LIBERTINE, and the *Host*, in the VILLAIN :---All which were dry, heavy characters, except in *Iacomo;* in which, when he aim'd at any archness, he fell into downright insignificance. He was about 50 years of age the latter end of King *William's* reign, about six foot high, long and broad-fac'd, and something more corpulent than this author; his face very like the *Homo Sylvestris*, or *Champanza;* for his nose was flattish and short, and his upper lip very long and thick, with a wide mouth and short chin, a churlish voice, and awkward action, (leaping often up with both legs at a time, when he conceiv'd any thing waggish, and afterwards hugging himself at the thought). He could not enter into any serious character, much more tragedy; and was the most confined actor I ever saw: and could scarce be brought to speak a short *Latin* speech in Don Quixot, when *Sancho* is made to say, *Sit bonus Populus, bonus ero Gubernator;* which he pronounc'd thus:

Sh--- bones and bobble ar---
Bones, and ears gobble nature.

He was obliged to Mr. Betterton for thrusting him into the character of *Merrynian* in his *Wanton Wife*, or *Amorous Widow;* but *West-heart Cave* was too much of a Dullman. His chief atchievement was in *Lolpoop*, in the *'Squire of Alsatia;* where it was almost impossible for him to deviate from himself: But he did great injustice to Sir *Sampson Legend* in *Love for Love*, unless it had been true, that the Knight had been bred a hog-driver. In short, *Underhill* was far from being a good actor, as appear'd by the late *Ben. Johnson's* assuming his parts of *Iacomo*, the Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, and Judge *Gripus* in *Amphytrion*. I know Mr. *Underhill* was much cry'd up in his time; but I am so stupid as not to know why.

Mr. DOGGET, indeed, cannot reasonably be so censur'd; for whoever decry'd him, must inevitably have laugh'd much, whenever he saw him act.

Mr. Dogget was but little regarded, till he chopp'd on the character of *Solon* in the *Marriage-Hater match'd;* and from that he vegetated fast in the parts of *Fondlewife* in the *Old Batchelor*—*Cohgnii*, in the *Villain*—*Hob*, in the *Country Wake*—and *Ben* the Sailor, in *Love for Love*. But, on a time, he suffer'd himself to be expos'd, by attempting the serious character of *Phorbas* in *Œdipus*, than which nothing cou'd be more ridiculous,

for when he came to the words *(But, Oh! I wish Phorbas had perish'd in that very moment)* the audience conceiv'd that it was spoke like *Hob* in his dying-speech. They burst out into a loud laughter; which sunk *Tom Dogget's* progress in Tragedy from that time.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

But our present LAUREAT had a better opinion of himself; for, in a few nights afterwards, COLLEY, at the Old Theatre, attempted the same character; but was hiss'd, his voice sounding like Lord *Foppington's.—Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

Mr. Dogget was a little, lively, spract man, about the stature of Mr. L——, sen. bookseller in *B——h*, but better built. His behaviour modest, chearful, and complaisant. He sung in company very agreeably, and in public very comically. He danc'd the *Cheshire Round* full as well as the fam'd Capt. *George*, but with much more nature and nimbleness. I have had the pleasure of his conversation for one year, when I travell'd with him in his strolling company, and found him a man of very good sense, but illiterate; for he wrote me word thus—*Sir, I will give you a* hole (instead of *whole*) *share.* He dress'd neat, and something fine—in a plain cloth coat, and a brocaded waistcoat: But he is so recent, having been so often at *Bath,—satis est.* He gave his yearly water-badge, out of a warm principle, (being a *staunch Revolution-Whig*). I cannot part with this *Non-pareil*, without saying, that he was the most faithful, pleasant actor that ever was—for he never deceiv'd his audience—because, while they gaz'd at him, he was working up the joke, which broke out suddenly in involuntary acclamations and laughter: Whereas our modern actors are fumbling the dull minutes, keeping the gaping pit in suspence of something delightful a-coming,—*Et parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.*

He was the best face-player and gesticulator, and a thorough master of the several dialects, except the *Scots*, (for he never was in *Scotland*) but was, for all that, a most excellent *Sawney.* Whoever would see him pictur'd, may view his picture, in the character of *Sawney*, in *Lynn-Regis*, in *Norfolk.* While I travell'd with him, each sharer kept his horse, and was every where respected as a Gentleman.

Jack Verbruggen, in point of merit, will salute you next.

[*To be continued.*]

ON THE FABLE OF TRAGEDY.

From the MS. of an eminent Literary Character deceased.

ON the choice and construction of the fable, the merit and success of the piece will principally depend; and to render this perfect, so many things are necessary to be taken into consideration, that it is no wonder the majority of those who sit down to write a tragedy, are in this respect so miserably defective. But, indeed, no one story can afford all the requisites that are to be wished in a tragic fable, nor be susceptible of all kinds of beauties. In this case, therefore, a choice must be made, some must be sacrificed to others; and a true critic will have a just regard to what was the author's principal design, and not condemn him for a deficiency in such things as could not enter into his plan, or would have been improper there. No one, for instance, will blame the Orphan for a want of that grandeur of sentiment and expression, which is only proper in a tragedy where kings and heroes are the principal actors; it is sufficient if the thoughts and the language are adapted to the characters and the occasion. Correctness and elegance, indeed, are always to be expected; but pompous high-sounding phrases, and a constant aim at florid and metaphorical expression are, generally speaking, deviations from nature, and in that respect incur a degree of blame in proportion to their excess and extravagance. We will at present endeavour to enumerate some of the principal requisites, which claim the attention of a tragic poet in the formation of his plan.

And first, let the subject he chuses be such as will naturally teach some one important moral. This, though of the first consequence, is seldom thought of till the concluding lines; nay, so generally is it neglected, that it may seem a question whether some of our poets ever thought of it at all. Let any one turn over the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, nay, of Dryden himself, (though it is with regret we mention so respectable a name on this occasion,) and he will frequently find in them no moral at all, or what is worse, some vicious maxim, inculcated through the whole, and enforced in the concluding sentence. Nor is Otway in this respect at all less culpable. Rowe, indeed, may be excepted from this censure; and

the writers of the present age are in general somewhat less blameable on this head than those of the past.

The next thing to be taken care of by the poet is, that his action be neither too great nor too small; but, as Aristotle directs, of a just extent: for as he well observes, nothing which is too little can be beautiful, because the sight is eluded in an object too minute, and which we see as it were in a transient moment: neither can what is too large be esteem'd so, because if the eye is not able to comprehend all the parts of an object at once, we can never obtain an adequate idea of the whole thing. Now what the eye is to visible objects (as his ingenious commentator observes in illustrating this passage,) the memory is to intellectual; as the eye must comprehend and measure with ease the parts of an object, before it can pronounce it fine; so must the memory receive and retain, without being burthened, all the parts of the subject of a tragedy, before the mind can judge of its perfection. In this idea of the too large compass or magnitude of a fable is comprehended, not only length of time and multiplicity of circumstances, incidents, and events, but also a too great number of persons, which only tends to puzzle and confound the memory, by entangling in intricacy the thread of the story. The multitude of actors, says an ingenious Frenchman,* which a tragic poet sometimes employs, perhaps to conceal the sterility of his genius, upon the unravelling of the plot, when he wants to get rid of them, embarrass and perplex him; so that he is very often reduced to the miserable shift of forcing them to make away with themselves by sword or poison, on the very first motive that offers.

The poet, in short, in the plan and formation of his fable, must take care not only to make it a complete whole, but such a whole as the reader may easily comprehend its beginning, middle, and end; and follow through the whole course of its action one thread of story, perplexed perhaps and entangled now and then, but never embarrassed; never so lost but that when the clue is found, the reader shall easily trace back his way in all the intricacies through which he hath been led. And indeed, provided expectation and surprize can be

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* The Abbe de Bos.

kept up, the fewer of these intricacies the better, as the passion and pathos of the story should by no means be weakened by too much attention to the perplexities of its plot.

ORIGINAL NOTES ON SHAKSPEARE.

[*By Mr. Holt White.*]

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I send you a few notes upon the great poet, by Mr. HOLT WHITE, one of his most successful commentators, which, I have reason to believe, have never been published. I transcribe them from his own MSS.

Your's, &c. AMICUS.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act III. Sc. 2:

Hel. "But you must join, in *souls*, to mock me too,"

I would read *shoals*: so a few lines before:

——"I see you are *all* bent
To set against me."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act III. Sc. 2:

Bass. What do I find here?
Fair Portia's *counterfeit!*

"A certain painter brought Apelles to the *counterfet* of a face in a table."—LYLIE's *Euphues.*

I have quoted this passage, as this meaning of the word *counterfeit* is not in Johnson's Dictionary.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act III. Sc. 1:

The *delighted* spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!

The word *delighted* seems to be so misplaced, that different commentators have proposed to read *dilated*, *be-*

nighted, delinquent; but Shakspeare took *deligh'ed* from the following uncouth passage—

"But *round about* the Island, for the space of 7 or 8 moneths in a yere there floateth *ise*, making a miserable kind of mone, and not unlike to man's voice, by reason of the clashing together. The inhabitants are of opinion that in mount Hecla and in the *ise*, there are places wherein the *soules* of their countrymen are tormented."

"No doubt, a worthy augmentation of the history, concerning the hel of Island, shut up within the botome of one mountaine, and that no great one: yea, at some times, (by fits and seasons) changing places: namely, when it is weary of lurking at home by the fires side within the mountaine, it *delighteth* to be ranging abroad, and to venter to sea, but without a ship, and to gather itself round into *morsels of yce.*"—*Hakluyt's Voyages.* Vol. I. p. 562.

There is no mention of cold, or ice, in the Platonic Hell of Virgil, whence Shakespeare has been said to take this speech of *Claudio.* Milton drives the fallen angels

"O'er many a *frozen*, many a fiery Alp.

NOTANDA DRAMATICA.

No. III.

1. MRS. PRITCHARD.

Mrs. Pritchard having retired with her family during the summer into a country village, took a fancy to see a play acted in a barn. She and her company engaged one of the best and most conspicuous seats in the little theatre. The scenes were made of pasteboard, and the clothes such as the manager could borrow or purchase. The orchestra was filled with one single Crowdero. —The actors were uncelebrated, it is true, but did their best. Mrs. Pritchard, instead of taking up with such fare as the country afforded, laughed so loudly and incessantly at the business of the scene, that the country audience were offended. Somebody present happened to know the great actress, and the fiddler asking her name, was told that she was the great Mrs. Pritchard, of the Theatre-Royal, in London.---"I will give her a

hint presently," said Crowdero, and immediately played the first tune in the Beggar's Opera:

"Through all the employments of life,
"Each neighbour abuses his brother," &c.

"Come let's be gone," said Mrs. Pritchard, "we are discovered, that fiddler is clever;" and, as she crossed over the stage to the entrance, she dropped Crowdero a curtsey, and thanked him for his admonition.

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2. MRS. PORTER.

THIS celebrated actress was countenanced and caressed, on account of her great merit and unblemished character, by some of the best families in the kingdom, who exerted their interest to serve her on all occasions. Queen Caroline too was her patroness, and she prevailed upon the king to command a play for the benefit of Mrs. Porter. The audience was splendid and the house crowded. At the end of the play the actress attended at the door of the King and Queen's box to pay her duty to Her Majesty. The queen was busy in talk with some of the lords in waiting, and did not immediately observe that Mrs. Porter was staying for an audience. The good woman that opened the boxes, who thought perhaps that a queen on the stage was equal to any sovereign upon earth, lost all patience at the queen's inattention, and at last pulled her Majesty by the sleeve, and bluntly told her that Mrs. Porter was there. The queen, who was all affability and condescension, smiled at the woman's ignorance, and thanked her for giving her notice of Mrs. Porter's waiting, to whom she wished joy of so great a benefit.

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3. A HINT TO MESSRS. SHERIDAN AND HARRIS.

DURING the Scotch Rebellion, 1745, the Guildhall Subscription, for the Relief of the Army in Scotland during that hard winter,

Received from Mr. Rich, of Covent Garden Theatre, the sum of	602	7	0
Ditto from Mr. Lacey, Drury Lane Theatre	131	7	6
	733	14	6

For the relief of the sufferers by the fire in Cornhill, March 25, 1748,

The Committee received from Covent Garden, ...	218	12	4
Ditto from Drury Lane.....	208	1	0
	426	13	4

4 THE GRAND-FATHER OF MRS. SIDDONS.

Mr. Ward, the grand-father of this illustrious actress was a performer in the time of Betterton. He was the original *Hazeroth* in Fenton's *Mariamne* which was first acted in 1723. On the 25th April, 1760, he had a benefit in Dublin, when Miss Woffington made her *first appearance* in *Sir Harry Wildair.* The following lines appeared on this occasion :

That excellent Peg,
Who shew'd such a leg,
When lately dress'd in men's cloaths!
A creature uncommon
Who's both man and woman,
And the chief of the belles and the beaux.

5 POWELL's FIRST SEASON AT DRURY-LANE.

The season of 1764, is generally supposed to have been a very successful one; chiefly owing to Mr. Powell, who performed SIXTY-SEVEN times,—viz.

Philaster	17	Othello	4
Jaffier	8	Etan	3
Lusignan	4	Sir Charles Raymond	1
Henry IV.	3	Shore	2
Castalio	6	Leon	2
Lord Townly	7	Oroonoko	2
Alexander	4	King Henry VI.	1
Pub. Horatius	2	Ghost	1

The Treasurer's books of this season I have seen,

The Receipts were.....	£ 29023	9	6
Disbursements.....	22488	8	6
	6535	1	0

LEGEND.

THE PRIVATE CHARACTERS OF PUBLIC PERFORMERS.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I COMMEND the spirited manner in which you overthrew the futile arguments of those who maintain that "the public have nothing to do with the private characters of performers." As I felt not a little interested in this subject, I shall take the liberty of communicating to you the thoughts which occurred to me on the occasion.

I entirely agree with you, that "with respect to Mrs. H. Johnston, the indignation of the public is premature, since they are not in possession of facts;" but when the delinquencies of performers are evident, it is absurd to deny the right of the public to correct them.

The stage, as you have truly observed, is a profession which "seems still destined to encounter the prejudices of the ignorant, and the contempt of the proud." But why is this? Is there any thing in the profession itself contemptible? Surely not: for "if the knowledge of ourselves be the height of wisdom, is that art contemptible, which conveys this knowledge to us in the most pleasing form?*. We must look elsewhere for the cause of this contempt; we must look to the private characters, to the dissolute lives, of the generality of the actors themselves. But since the histrionic profession is intimately connected with the literary reputation of our country, every individual actor is bound to support the respectability of that profession, by a respectability of private life; and if he fails in this duty, let him be shamed into it by the hisses of the public.

But, sir, is it not a gross insult to a British public,—to that nation, which is perhaps the most virtuous in the world,---that persons, notoriously criminal, shall presume to come forward to instruct them in the duties of morality?---Is it to be endured, that a female, who is known not to have entered the marriage state, shall have the au-

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* Preface to the "Critical Essays on the Performers of the Theatres;" just published, by Leigh Hunt.

dacity in a state of pregnancy to present us with a pattern of virtuous love, of filial affection, and of every moral excellence, which can be combined in the fairest branch of the creation? From the mouth of such a performer, how little weight can the precepts of rectitude bring with them,---with what indifference must we listen to the warnings against vice!---Her words cannot convince us of the turpitude or the misery of a vicious life: for why does she persevere in a course of living, of which she knows and deprecates the wretchedness? For my part, I cannot help exclaiming on such occasions, with the sarcastic poet:

" ———Felicia tempora, quæ te
" Moribus opponunt!"

Juvenal, Satire 2.

As to the argument, "that the vices of the men should undergo a similar inquisition," I allow it to be just: let the performers of both sexes be thus examined, and I will venture to predict, that it will have a salutary effect on the minds of the people at large.

From these considerations, Mr. Conductor, I think the above question will not admit of a doubt. But even if the arguments on the opposite side were invincible, would it not be for the interest of a performer to conduct himself with propriety and decorum? For myself, I cannot help fancying, as I sit in the theatre, that the public are generally more eager in bestowing their applauses on performers, remarkable for their regularity in private life, than on any others. This may appear an odd fancy; but I am very certain, that however little their approbation may be thus externally expressed, they do not regard the merits of the deserving with less respect, nor the vices of the dissolute in a less odious light.

I am, sir,
Your humble servant and subscriber,
HISTRIONICUS.

THEATRES AND AMPHITHEATRES.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

Although the terms have been often used without distinction, by writers both ancient and modern, yet the

difference of their form, as well as their use, is well known. The first was half a circle or oval, and serves for the representation of dramatic compositions: whereas the second was an entire circle, or oval, and appropriated for exhibiting the combats of gladiators, the hunting of wild beasts, and sometimes for those naval fights called *Naumachia*. Hence the amphitheatre was a double theatre. Both were admirably contrived for these different uses.

SENEX.

UTILITY OF THE DRAMA.

The following observation is well entitled to the attention of all those fastidious moralists and arrogant philosophers who treat it with contempt or indifference.—"It is desirable that the exhibition of dramatic performances should be as frequent as possible in all large and populous places. The common business of life too intensely pursued makes men unmindful of precepts and maxims of virtue, which they are more apt to forget in the eager pursuits of their avocations, than to abandon through want of principle. The drama awakens them to virtue; exercises all the kinder emotions; and by its influence over the mind and feelings, prevents that moral stagnation, which so much tends to degrade and brutify."

Sheffield. D.

ANECDOTE OF SPILLER.

Spiller the comedian, for whose benefit Hogarth engraved a ticket, was about the year 1720, in such estimation, that he had what was then deemed a very handsome salary; but had it been double what it was, his improvident disposition and extravagance, (especially in his amours) would have kept him poor,---and very poor he was; with this he was once reproached by a female performer, who having a good person, and a good-natured and *tender* heart, contrived to make a figure on a very inferior salary. Of this she boasted, and asked him why he could not manage in the same way? "Madam," replied he, "that which makes you rich, keeps me perpetually in want."

POETRY.

IRREGULAR SONNET.

As on the bed of sickness faint I lie,
I think upon the pleasures health bestows;
The maid whose vermeil cheek outvies the rose,
Who when the blush of morning streaks the sky,
Her bugle midst the woodlands sounding high,
And, echoing sprightly thro' the forest-bound,
Calls the bold huntsman to the well-known ground;
Dauntless o'er hill and dale behold them fly,
And meet the cheering gale which floats around;
Whilst exercise leads on her blooming child,
Vigour, who born amid the leafy wild,
Still follows the blyth band where'er they go.
But Health! 'tis long since upon *me* thou smil'd,
And morning breaks but on a day of woe.

W. M. T.

Liverpool.

TO ANNA SEWARD,

ON READING HER "SONNETS, LOUISA," &c.

THEE, Seward, long my youthful mind's rever'd,
Thy varied verse, and rapture-breathing line
By feeling, taste, and elegance endear'd!
For these my silent praise hath long been thine!

Thou seiz'd'st the muse's most neglected lyre *,
And from its chords, thus touch'd, such notes did flow,
As wake young Fancy's wild enchanting fire,
Or mildly soothe the throbbing breast of woe.

* I need scarcely mention I allude to the Sonnets. I am however aware, that the epithet "most neglected," though applicable to the time when Miss Seward wrote her Sonnets, is not so to the present day. W. M. T.

Thou swept'st it—and no more the critic's frown
Shall doom its beauties to oblivion drear;
For, form'd by thee, its bold energic tone
Will aye to Genius' pensive son be dear.

Led by the Muse, charm'd by her visions wild,
In youth thou stray'd'st o'er plain and tangled dell,
And whilst with fondest gaze, she on thee smil'd,
Awok'st to Nature's voice the chorded shell.

Life's ebb's began, but not in thee decays
The sacred fire, the poet's glowing soul,
Still beam their influence in thy raptur'd lays,
Still round thine head their fairy visions roll.

Still doth thine ardent mind possess the pow'r,
Existence to prolong beyond the tomb;
And when the world's vain pageants are no more,
The amaranth wreath by Genius given shall bloom.

Then oh! if aught a simple youth can form,
Might what he's felt in thy bold song repay;
Seward! accept this verse, whose only charm
Is, that warm gratitude inspires the lay!

Liverpool. W. M. T.

PASTORAL IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

CORYDON TO PHILLIDA.

O! PHILLIDA, hear the distress
My heart can no longer conceal;
Ah! why should I fear to confess
What beauty commands me to feel?

To feel that the joys of the plain,
Oh! never can solace impart,
While Phillida frowns in disdain,
Or Corydon's tender of heart.

As odorous blossoms of May,
That lure the industrious swarm,
Which bloom in the smile of the day,
But fade in the frown of the storm.

So Phillida wrinkles her brow,
And my bosom is ready to break;
But heaves, oh! I cannot tell how,
When dimples inhabit her cheek:

When I look on the favourite kid,
Whose shoulders with blue-bells you gird,
(The wish you can never forbid,)
I long to be one of the herd:

To play on the banks of the brook
Where strawberry clusters are ripe,
And hear, as you lean on your crook,
Soft melody flow from your pipe.

Disorder encircles me round,
The stores of my dairy decay,
Untill'd is my desolate ground,
My cattle are running astray.

O! Phillida, never again
The sighs of my bosom will cease,
Till you share with your pastoral swain
The blessings of conjugal peace.

P.

SONG.

BY THE LATE CHARLES LEFTLEY, ESQ.

O MARY, O too charming maid!
Oft have I sought thy heart to move,
Yet still my tongue its trust betray'd,
I sigh'd, but durst not tell my love.

Canst thou not read the tearful eye,
Where laughing joy was wont to dwell;
Canst thou not guess this heaving sigh
Bursts from a heart that loves thee well.

Yet, hopeless as my sighs may be,
Think not I wish a mean release,
Nor would I, if I could, be free,
Or quit my love to purchase peace.

AFFECTION'S TEAR.

Soft sensation, how relieving
To the anguish-burden'd heart,
When the breast with woe is heaving,
As from some lov'd friend we part.

Sweeter still, if with our sorrows,
Hope entwines her blossoms fair;
Then the tear a lustre borrows,
And we lose a load of care.

Soon again your lov'd friend greeting,
Bids soft bliss each thought employ,
Affection's gem endears the meeting,
And will prove a tear of joy.

J. M. L.

ON SEEING MR. KEMBLE IN IAGO.

How in *Iago* KEMBLE shews his art!
He *strikes out all the beauties* of the part.

PRO *and* CON.

EPIGRAM

ON SEEING THE DILAPIDATED STATE OF BETHLEM HOSPITAL SOME TIME PREVIOUS TO ITS BEING PULLED DOWN.

Well with its *purpose* does the *place* agree
For e'en the very house is *crack'd* you see. I. C.

EPIGRAM.

No Poets in Wales.

Cambria, te nunquam charos peperisse poetas
Fertur pace tuâ, Cambria, causa patet;
Nam licet innumeros Ap-Shones, Ap-Shinkins, Ap-Evans,
Jactas, in terrâ est nullus Apollo tuâ.

TRANSLATED.

Said Johnny to Taffy, a rumour prevails,
There never arose up a Poet in Wales,
Ap-Shones and Ap Shinkins in multitudes follow,
But who ever heard of the Cambrian Ap-ollo?

Ashford. I. N.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

JAN.
26. Cabinet. Ella Rosenberg.
27. Rivals. Captain Absolute (1st time) Mr. Russell. Matrimony.
28. Love for Love. Furibond.
29. Travellers. Ella Rosenberg.
FEB. 1. Pizarro. Elvira, by a YOUNG LADY, (her 1st appearance on the Stage). Furibond.
2. Cabinet. Lorenzo, Mr. Gibbon; Constantia, Mrs. H. Siddons. [1st time for 5 years] Mayor of Garrat. Sir I. Jollup, Mr. Penley; Major Sturgeon, Mr. Dowton; Jerry Sneak, Mr. Russell; Heeltap, Mr. Wewitzer; Bruin, Mr. Smith; Lint, Mr. Purser; Mrs. Sneak, Mrs. Harlowe; Mrs. Bruin, Miss Kelly.
3. School for Scandal. Joseph Surface, (1st time) Mr. Russell. Ella Rosenberg.
4. Suspicious Husband. Frankly, (1st time) Mr. De Camp. Devil to pay.
5. False Alarms. Ella Rosenberg.
6. (1st time for 15 years) Chances. Don John, Mr. Elliston; Frederick, Mr. Holland; Duke, Mr. Raymond; Petruchio, Mr. Putnam; Antonio, Mr. Dowton; Peter, Mr. Palmer; Anthony, Mr. Wewitzer; Francisco, Mr. Purser; First Constantia, Mrs. Harlowe; Mother-in-law to Constantia, Miss Tidswell; Kinswoman, Mrs. Scott; Landlady, Mrs. Sparks; Nurse, Mrs. Maddocks; Second Constantia, Mrs. Jordan. Weathercock.
8. Castle Spectre. Angela, Mrs. H. Siddons. Furibond.
9. Chances. Ella Rosenberg.
10. She would and she would not. Don Philip, (1st time) Mr. H. Siddons; Hippoleta, Miss Duncan. Matrimony.
11. [Never acted] KAIS; or, *Love in the Deserts*. Overture and music entirely new, by Mr. Reeve and Mr. Braham. Characters by Mr. Braham, Miss Lyon, Messrs. Bannister, Kelly, Mathews, Raymond, Powell, Putnam, Smith, Dignum, Cooke, Purser, Gibbon, Miller, Fitzsimmons; Mrs. Mountain, Signora Storace, Miss Tidswell. Chorus of Arabs, Pilgrims, &c.
12. Ib. Mayor of Garrat.
13. Ib. Irishman in London.
15. Ib. Mayor of Garrat.
16. Ib. Divorce.
18. Ib. Three Weeks after Marriage.
19. Ib. Ella Rosenberg.
20. Ib. Ways and Means. Sir D. Dunder, Mr. Bannister; Old Random, Mr. Penley; Young Random, Mr. De Camp; Scruple, Mr. Putnam; Tiptoe, Mr. Palmer; Carney, Mr. Purser; Lady Dunder, Mrs. Sparks; Lady Harriet, Miss Boyce; Kitty, Miss Ray.
22. Ib. Mayor of Garrat.
23. Ib. Devil to pay.

24. Kais. Ella Rosenberg.
25. Ib. Ways and Means.
26. Ib. Divorce.
27. Ib. Matrimony.
29. Ib. Ella Rosenberg.

Jan. 26. The secession of Mr. Barrymore, whose theatrical business was very extensive, has afforded an opportunity to several of the Drury Lane performers of displaying their talents to advantage. Mr. Russell on this evening played *Captain Absolute*, a character to which his figure and abilities render him fully competent. He performed the part with uncommon spirit, and preserved that easiness of manner, and graceful deportment throughout, which is so constantly required, but so seldom witnessed, in this line of character. Dowton, in *Sir Anthony*, is now almost equal to King.

Feb. 1. The young lady who appeared in *Elvira* has requisites for the stage, which with practice and cultivation may make her an useful performer, but never, we think, conduct her to eminence. *Elvira* is a character which requires from the actress vast powers, both of mind and voice, and considerable theatrical experience. Even the majesty of Mrs. Siddons, with all her skill and *finesse*, can scarcely recommend this eccentric heroine to respect, or secure her from laughter throughout the representation. Raymond brings *Pizarro* very forward on the scene. It is a part for which his person and energetic stile of acting peculiarly qualify him.

Feb. 2. *Mayor of Garrat.* This farce is liable to the objections which must be made to the generality of Foote's dramatic pieces; but though the *Militia* is so much improved as to blunt the edge of the satire levelled at that system in the character of Major Sturgeon, the humour is still so obvious and so irresistible, that no change of manners will materially affect it. Dowton, in *Major Sturgeon*, afforded another specimen of rich and genuine comic acting, and Russell, in *Jerry Sneak*, delighted and surprized us by one of the most natural and perfect delineations which the stage has exhibited even in its proudest days. It was the great excellence of Parsons, in *Davy*, that he was *drunk all over*; Russell is entitled to similar praise. From *top to toe* he is *Jerry Sneak*. Weston, we think, could not have been more effective. Mrs. Harlowe is also excellent in *Mrs. Sneak*.

3. Mr. Russell's *Joseph Surface* wants smoothness and plausibility. He is better qualified for *Charles*.

6. Garrick succeeded in purging this licentious play of some of its impurities; but it is useless to lop the branches when the trunk is rotten. If the *Licenser* knew his duty, he would represent to the Lord Chamberlain the impropriety of suffering plays of this obscene tendency to be represented. Elliston and Mrs. Jordan are admirable in *Don John* and the *Second Constantia*. The other characters. Antonio by Dowton excepted, were but indifferently supported.

11. KAIS. An Opera written by a *Jew*, composed by a *Jew*, taken from a romance translated by a *Jew*, and represented on the first night before an audience chiefly composed of *Jews*, is at least a dramatic *novelty*. The author is a Mr. Brandon, and the story he has selected is the romance of *Mejnoun and Leila*, written in a sort of poetical prose, though not in very "choice *English*," by D'Israili. The idea of this romance is borrowed from a sonnet in Major Ouseley's *Oriental Collections*. After passing through so many *strainers*

something *pure* should be expected at last, but in *Kais* we find nothing but *lees* and dregs. We shall spare ourselves the useless toil of exposing the demerits of this vapid production. For the dullness and nonsense which prevail through the Opera there is the usual *set-off* of dresses and scenery; but to what is the stage reduced when it lies at the mercy of the tailor and scene-painter!—The music, however, is of a very superior kind, and deserves particular notice. It is the composition of Messrs. Reeve and Braham, names that rank high in the public estimation. The overture by Reeve is brilliant, bold and expressive. The first song by Braham "Dearest Leila," was finely executed; as were his *Recitative* and song on the Rock. They produced great effect. He has also an excellent *duett* with Kelly, and others with Storace and Mrs. Mountain, which are very happily managed. His last song "Slow broke the light," is very fine, and generally meets with an *encore*. Miss Lyon's first song by Reeve, "Sad is my breast," with a harp accompaniment, has infinite merit, and proves that Mr. Reeve can excel in serious airs as well as the comic. The *drunken trio and chorus* is a masterly composition. Mr. Smith, who is gaining fast on the public, appears to particular advantage, as he does also in a *Bacchanalian* song in the last act, where the powers of his peculiarly fine *bass* voice are most successfully displayed. He is generally *encored*. In these pieces, and in the chorusses, marches, &c. Reeve has united an extraordinary degree of science to a thorough knowledge of dramatic effect. Storace and Mrs. Mountain acquitted themselves with their usual excellence in the several airs allotted to them.

COVENT-GARDEN.

JAN.

28. Wanderer. Harlequin in his Element.
29. Othello. Ib.
30. The Messiah.

FEB. 1. Mountaineers. Harlequin in his Element.

2. Wanderer. Paul and Virginia. Virginia, Mrs. H. Johnston.

3 Woodman. *(revived.)* With new dresses and decorations. Sir Walter Waring, Mr. Munden; Wilford, Mr. Incledon; Capt. O'Donnel, Mr. Taylor; Fairlop, Mr. Bellamy; Bob, Mr. Emery; Ralph, Mr. Denman; Medley, Mr. Blanchard; Emily, (with an additional song) Mrs. Dickons; Miss De Clackit, Mrs. Davenport; Dolly, Mrs. Liston; Polly, Miss De Camp; Bridget, Mrs. Watts. In Act III. Dr. Boyce's *Together let us range the fields*, by Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Dickons. Ib.

4. Woodman. Blind Boy.

5. Ib. Harlequin in his Element.

7. Hamlet. Laertes, Mr. Brunton; Ophelia, (with *Mad Bess*) Mrs. DICKONS. We fly by night.

8. Mountaineers. Harlequin in his Element.

9. [Never acted] BEGONE DULL CARE; or, How will it end? The Prologue by Mr. Brunton. Characters by Messrs. Lewis, Pope, C. Kemble, Fawcett, Brunton, Emery, Chapman, Simmons, Cresswell. Miss Smith, Miss Norton, Mrs. Davenport. The Epilogue by Miss Smith. Padlock.

10. Ib. Blind Boy.

11. Begone dull Care. Harlequin in his Element.
12. 13. Ib. Blind Boy.
15. Ib. Harlequin in his Element.
16. 18. Ib. Blind Boy.
19. Ib. Poor Jack; or, The Benevolent Tars of Old England; a comic ballet, (composed by Mr. Bologna, jun.) by Miss Bologna, jun. Ridgeway, T. Blanchard, Miss H. Bologna, and the Misses Adams. Lock and Key.
20. Ib. Blind Boy.
22. Hamlet. Ghost, Mr. Thompson. Harlequin in his Element.
23. Begone dull Care. Poor Jack. Tom Thumb.
24. Ib. Poor Jack. We fly by Night.
25. Wanderer. WHO WINS? or, the *Widow's Choice*. The Characters by Messrs. Fawcett, Liston, Simmons, Chapman, Denman; Mrs. C. Kemble, Mrs. Liston, Miss De Camp.
26. Begone Dull Care. Ib.
27. Woodman. Ib.

Jan. 30. The *Messiah* was performed this evening under the direction of the Ashleys, with the powerful aid of Braham, Mrs. Dickons, and other favourite performers. The *Oratorios* this season are expected to prove uncommonly attractive.

Feb. 3. The *Woodman*, Bate Dudley's best (*bad* is the best) operatic drama, rendered somewhat popular by the exquisite music of Shield, has been revived chiefly for the purpose of giving Mrs. Dickons a further opportunity of gratifying the town by the exertion of her surprizing vocal talents. All the airs were given in capital stile, and the house testified its satisfaction by repeated peals of applause, Incledon's *Streamlet* was *encored*, and Bellamy in *Fairlop* equalled any of his predecessors in the part. Taylor, in *Capt. O'Donnel*, considering the character is not quite in his line, was tolerably successful, and the introduction of "The Shamrock so green," which he sung delightfully, had a good effect.

9. *Begone dull Care*. A comedy by Reynold's, possessing all the rich humour, playful satire, and laughable incident of his most successful productions, with a happier mixture of pathetic, and a fable more carefully constructed. The leading idea of the piece has been suggested by a German novel called the *Reprobate*, which Mr. T. Dibdin dramatized so ingeniously and successfully, under the title of *Guilty or not Guilty*. Mr. Reynold's however, has but slightly availed himself of the circumstances related in the original story. The materials of his comedy are chiefly supplied from the stores of his own invention. He has bestowed his attention principally on the character of Solace, which is drawn with great force, and holds an importance in the comedy, almost equal to the *Tyke*, and *Farmer Ashfield* of Morton. He is an honest agent of an extravagant master, and presents a pattern of integrity, benevolence, independence and virtue, in a subordinate situation of life, such as it is the proper business of the stage to exhibit, and which may operate serviceably to society, upon the humbler classes in this country. The struggles of a mind formed for sociability and mirth, and resolved to be happy, but baffled by untoward events and real affliction, are well depicted in this character which is kept up with great spirit

through the whole of the play; the scene in which he is compelled to explain to *Sir Arthur*, their relative situations, is equal to any thing of the kind on the stage. There is also a scene in the fourth act, which critics who have more acidity than has fallen to our lot, may call, if they please, pantomimic nonsense and buffoonery: it is however very well contrived, admirably continued, and irresistibly ludicrous throughout.

The characters are most ably supported by the actors. Emery, Fawcett, and Lewis are excellent. In the Epilogue there are some lucky *hits* at the pedestrians, and other fashionable follies, which lost none of their effect in Miss Smith's delivery.

17. *Fast Day.* The *Messiah* was announced for this evening, but prohibited by the Bishop of London.

25. WHO WINS. A farce by Mr. Allingham, with some charming music by Condell. We have just room for the plot, and a specimen of the songs. We shall offer a few remarks on it next month. It was received with the highest applause.

By the will of a deceased gentleman, his whole property is left to the widow Bellair, his niece, (Mrs. C. Kemble) on condition that she marries one of his two nephews Iambic Extempore (Mr. Fawcett) and Mr. Caper, (Mr. Liston) and her choice is to be fixed by the highest throw of the dice, with a proviso, that should she refuse the winner, the property should be divided between his two nephews, and should they both refuse her, she is to be entitled to the whole. The widow wishing to avoid the idle ceremonies of those who do not interest her, assumes the name of her waiting maid, (Lisette) and in that disguise arrives first at the house of her deceased uncle, and delivers a letter, as from the widow, to excuse her attendance; but fearing she may be discovered by the portrait, which hangs up in the room, she procures Mr. Friendly, (Mr. Chapman) who has accompanied her as the widow's agent, to substitute in its place the portrait of her grand aunt.---Her cousins arrive, and throw the dice for her---Iambic Extempore has the highest throw, and expressing his doubts to Matthew Mole (Mr. Simmons), his deceased uncle's steward, whether the prize is worth his acceptance, Matthew shews him the wrong portrait, declaring it to be an exact resemblance of the widow. The poor poet having felt a prepossession in favour of the supposed Lisette, and being disgusted with the picture shewn him, disposes of his right to the widow and fortune to Caper for 1000l. and signs a paper, refusing to marry her. The widow having discovered Extempore's disinterested sentiments in her favour, and learning what has just passed, has recourse to a stratagem, by which she obtains from Caper a written refusal to marry her, and being thus left to her own free choice, she declares in favour of Extempore, and gives him her hand.

William and Jonathan came to town together;
William brought learning, and Jonathan some leather;
Said William to Jonathan, what d'ye mean to do?
Said Jonathan to William, I can sole a shoe,
With my leather, &c.
Said Jonathan to William, pray what's your intention?
William talk'd of things far above his comprehension;
He meant to write poetry, pamphlets, songs and plays,
Epitaphs, epigrams, and puffs the wind to raise,
With his latin, &c.

It chanc'd that they lodg'd in the same house together;
Will stuck close to books, and Jonathan to leather;
Johnny in the cellar as any hog grew fat,
Will in the garret was as thin as a starv'd cat,
With their leather, latin, &c.
When they had liv'd in town for years nearly twenty,
Will was very poor, but Jonathan had plenty;
When meeting one day, they compared notes together,
And clearly prov'd that learning was'nt half so good as leather.
Sing---leather, &c.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal, MANCHESTER.—Mr. Editor—In fulfilling the promise I made you in my second *part* of im*part*ing im*part*ially the proceedings of this Theatre, I shall not de*part* from my original intention. A stranger to both *part*ies (Managers and Actors) and not influenced by any other *part*y, the *part* I have taken will convince you I am no *part*isan. The Co*part*ners of this Concern have lately produced Mother Goose in all her Glory—Pantomime, since the days of Rich, has been *part*icularly popular, and this species of entertainment, *part*aking of all the requisites to gratify most of the senses, he must be fastidious indeed who will not *part*icipate in the pleasure it affords. To *part*icularize any painting after the Artist has so eminently distinguished himself throughout, might be considered unnecessary, but as most men give a preference for some one among a number, so must I express a *part*iality for that of the *Part*erre. The Trickery and Machinery are dexterously executed, and the Performers, Messrs. Atkinson, Eller, Noble, and Bradbury, as Mother Goose, Harlequin, Pantaloon and the Clown, rendered their respective *parts* *part*icularly prominent. The Under*parts* are sustained by Messrs. Mc Farland, Lee, Brooke, Farrell, Grant, &c. &c. Its attraction after the first night has nevertheless been indifferent. My immediate de*part*ure from Manchester will doubtless give to some one of the many readers of your valuable Cabinet, an opportunity of communicating further *part*iculars. I am now called to a distant *part* of the country, *part*ly on business, but whether near or a*part*, Believe me, Mr. Editor, Your's, &c.

Feb. 20, 1808. AN ANTI*PART*ITE.

End of the 3d and last *Part*.

Theatres Royal, BATH and BRISTOL.—Mrs. Siddons has lately concluded a short engagement at these theatres---Queen Catherine, Belvidera, Queen Mary, Constance and Alicia have been represented by this unrivalled Actress with the most powerful effect and attraction. Under the impression of its being her last visit to these cities, the theatres have been amply attended, the proprietors richly rewarded, and the public greatly gratified. Miss Marriott, as Jane

Shore, deserves particular mention; a more sensible and impressive performance I have seldom witnessed. Mother Goose's Gambols have put the Managers to much expence in the hope of *generating* a few of the *golden eggs*, but alas, in vain---'tis said, in consequence of her *Miscarriage*, this Goose Lady will not be re-engaged. The Farce of the *Old Maid* has been revived for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Grove, after her *accouchement*, in the character of Miss Harlowe ---her reception was highly flattering---her performance highly finished. *Ella Rosenberg* and the *Blind Boy* have made their appearance on these boards, and warmly welcomed. Lovegrove, in both these Dramas, merits and receives great applause. Miss Jameson is an improving actress, and rendered the part of the Blind Boy very interesting.

Yours, PABLO.

Bath, Feb. 20th, 1808.

Theatre Royal, EDINBURGH.—Cooke and Young are performing here with great success.

On Monday, Feb. 14, Othello was represented—Othello, Mr. Young, and Iago, Mr. Cooke.—On Tuesday, Douglas.—On Wednesday, the Man of the World.—On Saturday, the School for Scandal, for Mr. Cooke's benefit. So great was the demand for places, that every box was taken several days before the Play was known. With Mr. Rock's Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Young's Charles, Mr. Cooke's Joseph, and Mrs. Young's Lady Teazle, the performance could not fail to delight---the applause was almost incessant. After the Play, Mr. Cooke recited an Ode to the memory of the immortal Nelson, and then treated his friends with his inimitable representation of Sir Archy Macsarcasm.

Theatre, PORTSMOUTH.—This theatre is now under the direction of Messrs. Maxfield and Kelly, who are indefatigable in their endeavours to gratify the town. Mrs. Litchfield has been here for a month, and performed to crowded audiences. The house, at her benefit, overflowed in every part. The company is numerous and respectable. Mr. Maxfield, at the head of the tragic department, is an excellent actor, and, most deservedly, a great favourite in the circuit. Mr. Kelly was at the Haymarket a few seasons ago, when Mr. Colman manfully, but ineffectually, resolved to shake off the chains thrown over him by the winter managers.

Mrs. Margerum, the principal singer, is also well known to the London theatrical public. Among the other performers are Messrs. Carleton, Cobham, Mardin, Herring, Williams, Helme, Rackham, Gill, Gilbert, Morgan, Adamson, Johnston; Mrs. Kelly, Miss Downer, Mrs. Maxfield, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Rackham, Mrs. Helme, and Mrs. Warren.

Theatre, (Town Hall) HORSHAM.—Our theatre, which has been successful beyond example, is drawing to a close. Incledon has been engaged for a few nights, and was, of course, most rapturously greeted by the audience. A subscription is entering into for the erection of a new theatre, to be under the direction of Mr. Trotter, whose exertions both as manager and actor have secured the good wishes of the town.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY,—Life of Luther, by Mr. Bower. Memoirs of Mr. Fox, by R. Fell. Life of Abraham Newland, Esq. from authentic documents, with some interesting particulars of the History of the Bank.

TRAVELS.—Mr. G. Guttleib's Travel's in North America, in the Years 1806 and 1807, Lord Valentia's Voyages and Travel's to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, and Egypt, in 1802, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

HISTORY.—Mr. Fox's Historical Fragment relating to the House of Stuart. Abridgment of the Roman History, written on a plan to assist the momory, by Sophia F. Ziegenhirt. Authentic Narrative of the causes that led to the Death of Major John Andre, Adjutant-General of the British Army in North America, during the Year 1780, by Joshua Hett Smith, Esq.

EDUCATION.—Mentorial Lectures, comprising Remarks on the higher branches of Female Education, by Mrs. Murray.

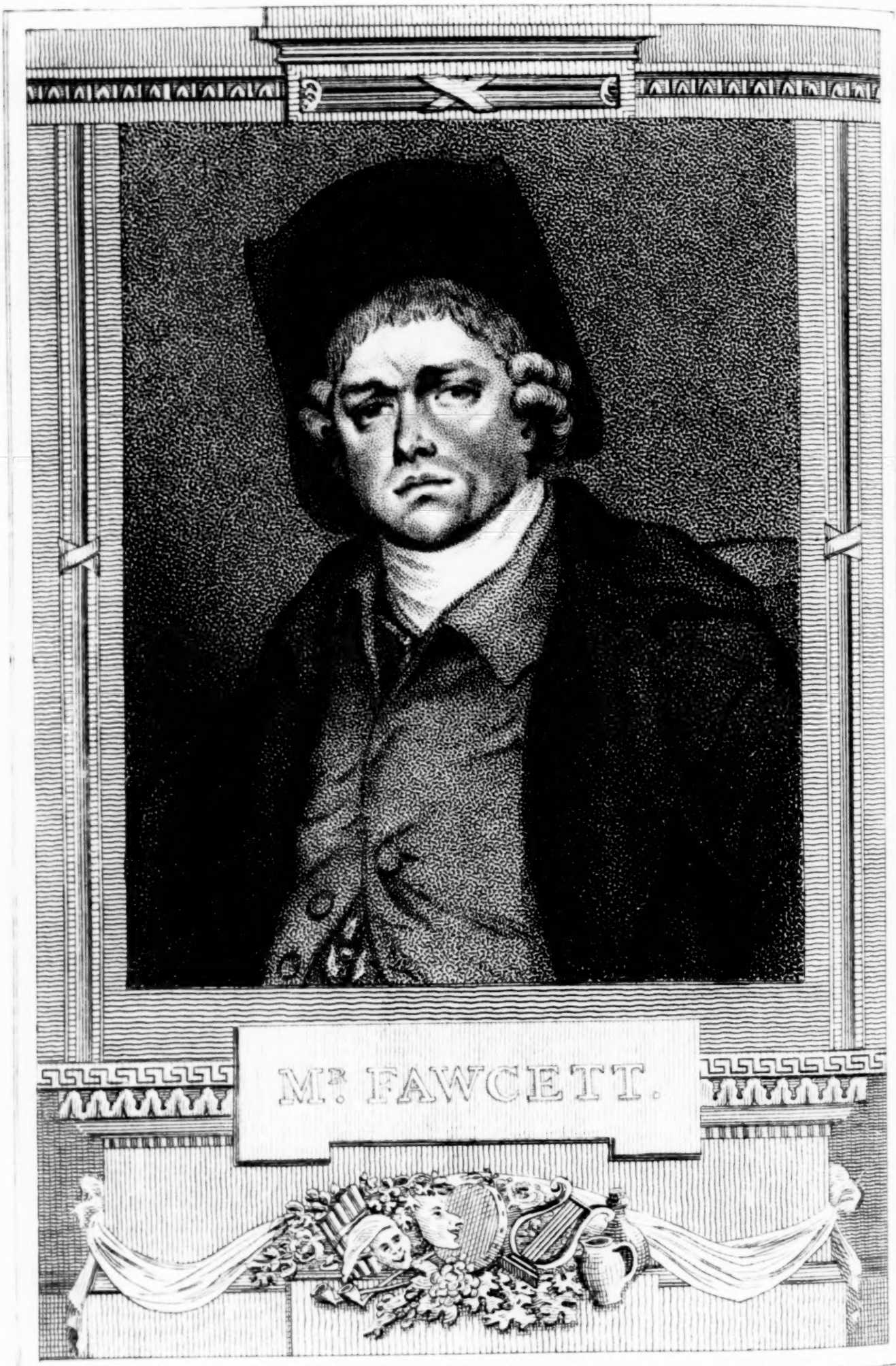
DIVINITY.—Doddridge's Family Expositor, part 3, 4to. Robinson's Scripture Characters, 4 vols. 8vo. 6th ed.

DRAMA.—Colman's Iron Chest. Surrender of Calais, Battle of Hexham, and Heir at Law, in 1 vol. Three Comedies from the Spanish. New edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, with Notes from the MSS. of Dr. Farmer.

POETRY.—A third Book of the Minstrel, in continuation of Dr. Beattie's Poem. The Pastoral Care, a Didactic Poem, in 3 parts, by the Rev. I. Grant, A. M. Collection of English Sonnets, by Capel Lofft, Esq. Original Poetical Tales, founded on interesting facts, by Miss Savory. Satires of Juvenal, translated and illustrated by Francis Hodgson, A. M. Exodus, an Epic Poem, by Charles Hoyle, A. M.

ROMANCES.—The Unknown; or the Northern Gallery, by Francis Lathom. Edwy and Elgiva; and Sir Everard; two Tales, by the Rev. Rob. Bland.

MISCELLANIES.—A volume of Shaksperian Aphorisms, by Mrs. Lofft. Naval Memoirs of Great Britain, by Dr. W. Burney, Master of the Naval Academy, Portsmouth. Epistolary Correspondence between the late Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot, and a series of Letters from Mrs. Carter to Mrs. Vesey. Observations on Seduction; and on the evil consequences attending it, by Mary Smith, late of the Magdalen Hospital. Origin of Naval Architecture, a Discourse accommodated to the late Fast, by Philopharios.



De Wilde pinx. *Woodman Junr. sculp.*

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